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# McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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## COUDERSPORT ON TOP OF THE HEAP

### Leck Diggers Lead the Bunch by a Good Margin.

### INDIANS BEAT THE RINGSTERS.

**Coudersport Won from Port Allegany Yesterday—Exhibition Game Here To-morrow With Bolivar.**

HOW THE CLUBS STAND.

| | Played | Won | Lost | Per Ct. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Coudersport | 14 | 10 | 4 | .714 |
| Smethport | 11 | 7 | 4 | .636 |
| Eldred | 13 | 7 | 6 | .540 |
| Austin | 11 | 6 | 5 | .545 |
| Port Allegany | 10 | 8 | 8 | .272 |
| Olean | 8 | 1 | 7 | .125 |

Smethport drops a notch in the race for the McKean-Porter league pennant, Coudersport's victory over Port Allegany yesterday by a score of 9 to 6 giving the Diggers a good lead. Smethport has nine more league games to play and should win at least seven if it wants the "glad rag" to float over Kane Field.

Smethport will play an exhibition game with the fast Bolivar team to-morrow afternoon and Austin will be here for a league game the early part of next week, probably Monday.

PORT ALLEGANY 8, SMETHPORT 7.

Our team met with another defeat Monday morning in a hotly contested exhibition game with the Indians on the Port Allegany grounds by the above score. It was another case of hard luck and errors at the wrong time.

Smethport took the bat. Bell fanned, McCabe singled, Keefer got a life on Shortall's error, but Servatius and Flohr went out on flies to the field. Daniels and Culligan were retired, Stiles hit for two bags, Julius reached first on McCabe's error and both scored on Flohr's overthrow to second; Lemon and Francisco singled and Rogan struck out.

Second. Smethport went out one, two, three and the Indians followed suit with the exception of Daniels who singled.

Third. Denning took first on Shortall's error, stole second; Bell and McCabe fanned; Keefer got hit, went to third on Servatius' single and stole home on a throw to second in an attempt to catch Buke who went up on the throw from the field. Flohr's grounder to second retired the side. Port went out one, two, three. Score two each.

Fourth. An error at short gave Studholme first and he was caught at second on Swarts' grounder to third. Andrews and Denning made singles, scoring Swarts; Andrews was put out at home while trying to score on a bluff throw to second; Bell drew balls and McCabe went out to pitcher. Although Lynch made a hit the Ports went out in order, he being caught off first.

Keefer lined one to third, Servatius hit for three bags, Flohr retired on a grounder to second, Studholme singled scoring Servatius and Swarts went out to short. Three men faced Servatius.

Sixth. Aside from Bell drawing four ball ones the side was retired in order. Here came our downfall. Stiles got hit, Bennett singled each advanced on a passed ball, Flohr caught Lemon's foul fly, Francisco drew balls, Rogan batted a grounder to Keefer who threw to catch Stiles who was forced home, but Flohr neglected to get his foot on the plate and in attempting to touch the man lost the chance of catching Rogan at first. McCabe's fumble of Lynch's grounder filled the bases. McCabe caught Shortall's foul fly and Daniels made a single scoring Stiles and Bennett; Daniels attempted second on the throw home and was called out for interference with Studholme when the ball was returned to second. Score Smethport 4, Port Allegany 0.

Seventh. Keefer hit a two bagger, Lynch caught Buke's foul fly, Flohr singled to left and an error at that point scored Keefer. Studholme flied to short. Rogan dropped Swarts' fly, scoring Flohr, Andrews drew a pass and Denning fanned. Culligan singled, advanced on a wild pitch, Stiles singled, Bennett flew to Swarts, scoring Culligan, Lemon singled, Francisco sacrificed scoring and Rogan Stiles fanned.

Eighth. Both sides were retired one, two, three.

Ninth. Servatius singled, Flohr drove out a double and while they were catching him between second and third Servatius scored, Studholme went out to pitcher and Swarts fanned. Score Port Allegany 8, Smethport 7.

Following is the tabulated score.

| SMETHPORT | AB | R | H | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Bell, ss | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| McCabe, 3b | 5 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 |
| Keefer, 1st | 4 | 2 | 1 | 9 | 1 | 0 |
| Servatius, p | 5 | 2 | 3 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Flohr, c | 5 | 1 | 2 | 9 | 0 | 2 |
| E. Studholme, 2d | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 |
| Swarts, lf | 5 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Andrews, rf | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Denning, cf | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total | 36 | 7 | 10 | 23* | 10 | 4 |

*Daniels out for interference.

| PORT ALLEGANY | AB | R | H | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Daniels, 2b | 5 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Culligan, ss | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Stiles, c | 3 | 3 | 2 | 8 | 0 | 0 |
| Julius, rf | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bennett, rf | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Lemon, 1b | 4 | 0 | 2 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Francisco, cf | 2 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Rogan, lf | 4 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Lynch, 3b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| Shortall, p | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Total | 32 | 8 | 10 | 27 | 10 | 1 |

Earned runs—Smethport 3.
Stolen bases—Keefer, Denning.
Three base hits—Servatius.
Two base hits—Keefer, Flohr, Stiles.
Bases on balls—off Servatius 1, Shortall 3.
Hit by pitcher—by Servatius 2, Shortall 1.
Struck out—by Servatius 5, by Shortall 7.
Passed ball—Flohr.
Wild pitch—Servatius.
Umpire—Joe Norton.

PORT ALLEGANY 10, SMETHPORT 5.

The happiest gang of people who ever visited Smethport was the crowd of rooters that followed the Port Allegany ball team here last Friday. And well they might be for on that day they saw something they had been looking for ever since the present national game was founded. For the first time in history Port Allegany came to Smethport and won a game of base ball.

Both teams played good ball, but the visitors had a horse shoe with them or the result would have been different. Smethport had four errors which cost most of the ten runs, while the visitors' two errors cost nothing. We earned three runs and they earned one.

Julius, catcher for the visitors, made three hits, a home run, a three bagger and a single, and his three bagger would have been a homer had not Serratus made a pretty run and jump into the creek, fielding the ball back fast enough to stop him at third, a trick that has never before been done on these grounds. And the next time Servatius came to bat he got even for his wetting by driving the sphere farther into the icy waters of Marvin.

Following is the tabulated score:

| SMETHPORT. | AB | R | H | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| McCabe, ss | 5 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 1 |
| Tull, 3b | 4 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Flohr, c | 4 | 0 | 1 | 9 | 1 | 0 |
| Servatius, p | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Bunn, 1b | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Andrews rf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Studholme, 2b | 4 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Swarts, cf | 4 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Fuller, p | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Totals. | 34 | 5 | 9 | 24 | 29 | 4 |

| PORT ALLEGANY. | AB. | R | H | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Daniels, 2b | 5 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Culligan, ss | 4 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Thompson, cf | 5 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Lemon, rf | 4 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Francisco, 1b | 3 | 3 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Julius, c | 5 | 1 | 3 | 12 | 2 | 0 |
| Rogan, lf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Stiles, 1b | 4 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Shortall, p | 4 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Totals, | 37 | 10 | 11 | 27 | 9 | 2 |

| By innings: | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Smethport | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | —5 |
| Port Allegany | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | * | —10 |

Earned runs—Smethport 3, Port Allegany 1.
Home runs—Servatius, Julius.
Three base hit—Julius.
Two base hit—Andrews.
Sacrifice hits—Tull, Flohr, Fuller, Culligan.
Stolen bases—Servatius, Andrews, Swarts, Stiles.
Bases on balls—off Fuller 4, off Shortall 3.
Struck out—by Fuller 9, by Shortall 12.
Passed balls—Flohr 1, Julius 1.
Time of game—1:40.
Umpire—Joe Norton.

### Bolivar Wins.

In the clay bird shoot at Hazelhurst yesterday afternoon Bolivar took first place and Smethport second. It was a five-man shoot 50 birds and out of a possible 250 the teams made: Bolivar 181, Smethport 166, Hazelhurst 166.

The visiting shooters were tendered a sumptuous banquet at Hotel Hazel and were otherwise royally entertained.

Following is the score:

| | BOLIVAR | |
|---|---|---|
| Zimmerman | String No. 1. | |
| Wertman | 10110 11001 11011 10101 10111—17 | |
| Root | 01011 11011 11111 00011 00000—13 | |
| Case | 11111 01111 11101 11101 01111—21 | |
| Stohr | 01011 01111 00111 01110 11111—18 | |
| | 11100 11111 01011 11011 11011—20 | |
| | SMETHPORT | |
| Backus | String No. 1. | |
| Burdick | 01011 11111 11101 10111 11111—21 | |
| Bacon | 10111 11111 11111 01011 00000—16 | |
| Walsh | 11100 11111 10000 00001 10011—12 | |
| Gorton | 01010 11000 11101 10001 11001—13 | |
| | 10111 11100 10010 01010 01111—17 | |
| | HAZELHURST. | |
| MacKenzie | String No. 1. | |
| Brown | 01110 11111 11110 00101 00000—13 | |
| VanGordon | 11101 11110 11111 11010 10011—16 | |
| Campbell | 11111 11110 01110 11101 11111—23 | |
| Esery | 01001 00101 10001 10100 10110—11 | |
| | 01000 01101 01010 10101 10010—11 | |
| | BOLIVAR. | |
| Zimmerman | String No. 2. | |
| Wertman | 11000 10100 01011 11111 00110—14 | |
| Root | 11011 01001 11110 10101 10101—16 | |
| Case | 01111 11111 01011 01101 11011—21 | |
| Stohr | 10011 10111 11011 11110 11111—21 | |
| | 01101 11011 01001 11111 01111—18 | |
| | SMETHPORT. | |
| Backus | String No. 2. | |
| Burdick | 11111 11011 10100 00110 11111—18 | |
| Bacon | 10110 11101 11101 01111 01000—16 | |
| Walsh | 10001 10101 11101 00111 11110—16 | |
| Gorton | 01111 00010 11010 11110 11101—16 | |
| | 11110 11111 11011 10101 01011—19 | |
| | HAZELHURST. | |
| Mackenzie | String No. 2. | |
| Brown | 11001 11101 10000 01110 10111—16 | |
| VanGordon | 12111 01111 11101 01100 11111—20 | |
| Campbell | 11111 11111 11111 11101 11101—23 | |
| Esery | 11011 11010 00010 01100 10110—14 | |
| | 11001 00101 10011 00000 11110—12 | |

The following scores were made by those who did not shoot in the match:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Smith | 10001 11111 01001 00110 11111—16 | |
| | 10001 11100 00013 01011 11111—15 | |
| Foster | 00101 11010 01011 00110 01100—12 | |
| | 01101 00110 01011 11101 11001—14 | |
| Farner | 01110 10101 11111 01100 01001—15 | |
| | 00011 01000 01000 11101 00010—9 | |
| Huff | 10011 11101 11010 01000 01101—16 | |
| | 10111 11010 10010 01100 00110—18 | |
| Bell | 11111 11010 11000 11100 01011—16 | |
| | 11111 01101 10001 11000 11110—16 | |
| Hamlin | 11111 01000 11000 11110 01101—15 | |
| | 01010 10000 00101 11001 01011—11 | |

### Buckboards.

The style of our buckboards is original with us and we manufacture them ourselves. Lighter, neater, stronger, better made, more convenient and easier riding than any other now on the market. Call and let us explain them to you.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

### Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

Subscribe for the MINER.

### ANCIENT HISTORY.

**Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.**

Married, at the Methodist chapel in this borough, on the morning of September 8, 1869, by the Rev. R. K. Pierce, Dr. Henry L. McCoy to Miss Clara M. Ford, daughter of P. Ford, Esq., of this place. May this union of loving hearts be blessed with happiness and plenty through life, is the prayer of a large circle of friends.

Some of the Democracy have posted up a handbill behind Haskell's bar, containing Packer's phiz and letter of acceptance thereon. It was put in that particular place from the fact that it would be noticed and read by every member of that party. They have a great hankering after reading matter before breakfast.

Messrs. Eugene Daly and Simon Glenn have the job of putting down the well in the court house square.

The Catholic church wall, which was built under the supervision of Andrew Reilly, is one of the finest and most substantial ones in the county. Andy knows how to build a good wall and he has spared no pains in making this foundation one that reflects credit on the builder. We notice that the sills have been placed on the wall. The frame will be ready to raise in a short time.

Died on October 2, 1866, Wm. Tanner, aged 75 years. For more than thirty years Wm. Tanner has been an industrious, upright citizen of Bradford township. He was a man who minded his own business and at his departure left not an enemy in the world.

On Thursday, Sept. 23, 1869, a young man by the name of Henry Brooks, who lived at Limestone, some six miles from Bradford, accidentally shot himself. Starting from the house of Henry Waters, an uncle of the deceased, he wended his way toward his home carrying a gun along with him. He had to cross the Tunungwant creek, the bank of which at the crossing was built up with rough stone. It is supposed that he fell against these stones in some way as to cause the discharge of his gun. The body was found in the creek the next day, some distance below the crossing. Upon examination it was found that the ball had passed through his right hand, entered under the right ear and lodged in the top of his head.

A colored man by the name of Baker was murdered in Olean on the morning of Saturday, October 2, about 3 o'clock. The murderer is a man by the name of Burdick, a desperate character who has resided in that village for the past two or three years. It seems that Baker was returning home, in company with his wife and another woman, from a party in the western part of the village. On their way they met as they supposed Burdick with a cart apparently filled with apples. Baker stopped to ascertain positively who it was, while the women proceeded towards home. In a short time the women heard what was apparently an altercation between the men, followed by two or three reports from a pistol. They hurried back and found Baker lying in the road mortally wounded, but entirely conscious. He lived only a few minutes, but before his death stated that Burdick shot him. Burdick was subsequently arrested and is now confined in jail at Little Valley.

Died, in Kearing township, on October 10, 1869, Wallace, youngest son of Elisha and Hannah Bush, aged 20 years, 8 months and 10 days.

At the election held on Tuesday, October 12, 1869, A. B. Armstrong, Democrat, was elected Member of Assembly from the district composed of the counties of Cameron, Clinton and McKean by a majority of 514.

The largest tannery in the world is at Wilcox, Pa. It has 600 vats in operation and consumes 15,000 tons of hemlock bark per year.

We wish some of the farmers in this immediate neighborhood who are indebted to us on subscription would bring us a load of wood. We burn three fods wood. Don't put it off thinking someone else will furnish us; bring it yourself. We must have wood or the "wherewith" to buy it with. Take your choice.

Jabez Gallup of Hamlin township has been erecting this season a very fine sawmill on Marvin creek on the site of the old Wilk's mill. When completed it will be one of the best mills of its capacity in the county. Enos Emerson of Keating township is the builder and the work done shows that he understands the business of putting up first-class mills.

### Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 5, 1903:

Mrs. Addie Barnaby, Samuel Davis, Olof Dahlstrom (foreign), Miss Lucy Laden.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Subscribe for the MINER.

## BULGARIA AND TURKEY

### Liable to Clash Before the End of the Month.

### CHRISTIANS ARE IN GREAT DANGER.

**Reports Received Indicate That General Hostilities are Inevitable / Americans Will be Protected.**

Dispatches from Constantinople declare that war is inevitable between Turkey and Bulgaria and it is feared the outbreak will occur before the end of this month. No formal declaration of war is expected, but some especially brutal massacre may lead to general hostilities. Here is a sample incident:

"All the reports of the vilayet of Monastir agree in describing the situation as appalling. Between 30,000 and 50,000 Bulgarian inhabitants are believed to have been massacred by the Turks and every Bulgarian village in the vilayet has been destroyed. The refugees in the mountains and forests are dying by thousands. At present it is impossible to obtain precise figures. The revolutionary headquarters estimate that 30,000 men, women and children have been killed, while at least the same number of refugees are slowly perishing of hunger. In official circles these figures are regarded as an under estimate and officials incline to the belief that the number of massacred exceeds 50,000. The Turks are apparently determined to exterminate the entire Bulgarian population of the vilayet. The actual details of the happenings outside the town are not available. The foreign reports at Monastir are dependent on information furnished to them from Turkish official sources."

A dispatch says that the Turks are much disturbed by the presence of United States warships at Beirut and are making every effort to have them recalled. But in all probability they will remain there, as it is claimed every Christian is in danger of massacre.

The powers are inactive but the fact that Russia and Austria are favorable to Turkey is shown by the efforts of their representatives to put the blame for recent uprisings upon Bulgaria.

The navy department Monday made public a cablegram from Admiral Cotton, regarding the Turkish situation. The message is dated Beirut, September 4th.

Admiral Cotton says Vice Consul Magelssen was shot at, but was not injured. The Turkish officials say they have arrested four men suspected of attacking the vice consul. Admiral Cotton notified our minister at Constantinople last Friday of the arrival of our men-of-war. The admiral continues:

"I have strengthened the position of the American representatives. The American consul and the vice consul accompanied me in my call upon the Turkish governor and general. The Turkish officials are very cordial. The Turkish admiral is here. The Turks have one small gunboat and one armored cruiser here. The usual courtesies were exchanged. I have conferred with the American consul and will confer with other American citizens on Sunday and Monday. I shall require a full written statement of condition in this port. The American squadron inspires all foreigners and Christians with confidence and feeling of security."

Cablegrams were also received at the State and Navy departments Tuesday. Minister Leishman at Constantinople and Admiral Cotton, respectively, giving an account of the riot which occurred at Beirut Sunday. It was stated at the Navy department that no new instructions had gone to Admiral Cotton in consequence of to-day's reports. Instructions sent to Minister Leishman to-day contemplate that he keep the State department constantly informed as to the situation, that the department may know to what extent protection is being afforded American citizens.

### "Side Tracked."

The attraction at the Lyceum Monday evening, Sept. 14, will be the laughing success, "Side Tracked," presented by a capable company and adequately staged. The play is a comedy drama, chock full of fun and bristling with just enough sensation to balance the mirth effects. The principal character is a tramp. The tramp has done a great deal to bring out the humor of many plays of late, but it is rarely that he acts as both comedian and hero. He does many realistic things as well as many laughable ones; rescues the heroine; foils the many schemes of the villain; prevents the other hero from being hung; makes love to the soubrette and altogether makes his way into the hearts of his auditors as a genial, kindhearted fellow, even though his clothes are ragged.

Highest prices paid for ginseng. Leave your ginseng at Brownell Bros' store, Smethport, Pa.

G. W. HATCH.

### Corwin-Hafner Nuptials.

At the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hafner of Mechanic street, Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock, occurred the happy wedding of Miss Edna Lorena Hafner and Mr. Ghordis Burdette Corwin. Both the young people are widely known and highly esteemed by the people of Smethport and vicinity. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hafner and is a cultured and attractive young lady. The groom is an exemplary young man, who holds a responsible position in the Camp Glass factory.

Rev. P. S. Calvin pronounced the words that made the young couple one for life. The bride was bewitchingly gowned in grey crepe de chene. Miss Adeline Learge of Eldred in a gown of light blue crepede chene was a charming bridesmaid. Mr. Thos. Cole of this place officiated as best man.

After the ceremony an elegant wedding dinner was served to the immediate relatives and a few close friends who were in attendance. The young couple were the recipients of large number of gifts comprising a great variety of beautiful and serviceable articles.

Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Corwin drove to Port Allegany and departed on the Pennsylvania flyer yesterday morning for a honeymoon visit in Williamsport and other cities. They will be absent two or three weeks.

The MINER joins with the entire community in extending to Mr. and Mrs. Corwin best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous married life.

Among the guests from out of town in attendance at the wedding were Miss Bertha Dunagan of Bradford, Mrs. Myrtle Camp of Atlantic City, Miss Sophia Hafner of Clermont, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Spangle of Nausen and Mr. Fred Brown of Jersey Shore.

### Studholme-Holder Nuptials.

Wednesday noon at St. Luke's Episcopal church occurred the wedding of Josephine Belle Holder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Holder, to Mr. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany, the rector, Rev. J. H. McCandless, officiating.

The church was beautifully decorated by members of the choir, of which Miss Josephine was a member. The stately reredos was beautified by the use of the wild clematis vine, also the rood screen, pulpit and lectern with two large vases of snow white asters and a large cluster of hydrangeas on the altar. In all it looked like nature herself.

Miss Helen McCoy, the organist played a choice selection of music. At high noon the strains of the beautiful wedding march from Mendelssohn were heard and the wedding party came up the aisle, the ushers, Messrs. E. Studholme and T. H. Morrison, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Beulah Holder, sister of the bride, these being followed by the bride on the arm of her father, and who were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Elton Holden of Port Allegany.

The bride was attired in a white mull gown. Her white tulle veil was caught daintily with a rose from her beautiful bouquet of bride's roses. The maid of honor was gowned in pink with a large white beaver picture hat trimmed with a wreath of pink ostrich tips.

The ceremony at the church was followed by a reception at the home of her parents. The presents were both useful and beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studholme left for a bridal tour in Canada, and upon their return will reside in Port Allegany where the groom is in partnership with his brother, Mr. Foster Studholme, in the drug business.

### The Cup is Safe.

The Reliance, America's gallant cup defender, again demonstrated her superiority over the Shamrock III last Thursday by easily winning the third consecutive race, and therefore the race. The Shamrock III was hopelessly beaten and on the homeward course lost her way in the fog and missed the finish line.

Although everybody expected the victory there is a feeling of triumph and relief that the cup is safe for another year.

Sir Thomas Lipton, who is a gentleman sport of the first water, says he will try again. The last effort to lift the cup cost him over $700,000, but he does not complain. It is claimed that if Sir Thomas' possessions were converted into gold he would be able to build a racing yacht with a solid gold keel. Therefore he can afford to lose and at any rate it is good advertising.

Although a series of races between the two boats with crews exchanged would attract world-wide interest it is hardly probable that such a match can be arranged.

### Potato Crates.

The lightest, strongest, neatest and most durable, of our own manufacture, made to pack one in the other and take the least possible room. At

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

### Labor Day at Bradford.

The Labor Day celebration at Bradford last Monday was very successfully carried out. The parade in the morning was large and made an excellent appearance. The prize for the best looking union in line was awarded to the Painters, Paperhangers and Decorators Union the members of which were attired in white suits and caps and carried canes. S. Stofer won the prize for the handsomest float in the parade.

The events at the driving park were as follows:

Automobile race—2 miles (handicap), 1st prize, silver cup, Holley No. 1; 2nd prize, umbrella, Holley No. 3; Holley No. 2, 3rd.

Motorcycle race, 2 out of 3 heats—Phillips, 1st, silver cup; Holley 2nd, umbrella; Haines, 3rd; Hamilton 4th. Time, 2 miles—4:05; 1 mile—2:06½.

100 Yard Dash—Nelson Hastings, 1st, silver cup; W. Baker, 2nd, box of cigars; Kelly and McKay, 3rd and 4th respectively. Time 12¼.

100 Yard Dash—A. C. Clark, 1st; umbrella; Rickard, 2nd; Gordinier, 3rd. Time 12½ seconds.

Boys' race, 50 yards—Vibbard 1st, prize, pair of shoes; Dougherty 2d, prize $1.50; Garfinkle 3rd, prize $1.

Bicycle race, 1-mile—E. Hanks 1st, prize, umbrella; English 2d, prize, sweater; Hannigan 3d, Whitehead 4th. Time, 2:54.

Tug-of-war between the Carpenters and Joiners' union and the Painters, Paperhangers and Decorators union was won by the carpenters in three straight heats, prize $10.

Horse race, 1-2 mile heats, best 3 in 5. Pearl O. bm. (Bert Clark), 1st; Pipe Line, (Sam Barts), 2nd; Bollermaker, (Fred Horrigan) 3rd; Little Billy, (Fleet Fields) 4th. Time 1:17, 1:15, 1:15, 1:15. Prizes—$25 and $15.

The Smethport band and delegations from the various labor organizations attended the celebration and were well pleased with the day's entertainment.

### Italian Grand Opera.

The Italians employed near town have been having gay times in this place during the rainy period of the past few days and as a consequence the borough is considerably to the good, financially.

Saturday night several dusky sons of Italy decided to serenade the residents of West Water street, which said serenade was interspersed with a little high tragedy in the last act. The entertainment was opened at the corner of Water and Church streets, but Officer Welsh heartlessly demanded that they move on, which they did—for a short distance.

Shortly afterward Mr. Welch received an invitation, by telephone, to be present at a carnival farther up the street. He arrived in time to witness the opening of a fancy knife and razor juggling act and apparently stopped the game just in time to save doctors' bills on one not of the Italian company. Three Dagoes were guests of the borough until morning and they paid liberally for the hospitality extended them.

Monday evening a similar company of entertainers decided that the Kisheqita Route was popular enough to deserve recognition and therefore they gathered around the depot and opened one of their continuous performances. It appears that Officer Welch's musical education has not been brought up to that standard where he fully appreciates Italian grand opera and therefore he was heartless enough to break up the musical treat by landing six of them in the lockup. But his ignorance of classical music enriched the borough, so we will have to excuse him.

### Alma Stirling Coming.

There are four acts in "A Daughter's Devotion," which will be seen at the Lyceum Theatre Thursday evening, September 17, and every one of them is filled with action and incident. The scenes are laid in the Pennsylvania oil fields and in New York city and the reproductions are artistic and picturesque. Not alone will the play be interesting and attractive because it is a mighty good play of sustained interest and thrilling action, but it will give to the stage a new type of character, a Pennsylvania Dutch girl who is quaint and wholly unlike anything which has ever been seen in the way of character acting before. This girl, Lena Snyder, will be played by Miss Alma Stirling, the girl who made herself famous by dancing in big wooden shoes, and her quaint philosophy, spoken in pigeon-toed English, will rank among the most famous catch phrases of the stage. The company which her manager, Mr. J. R. Stirling, has provided is made up entirely of artists, every one of whom is a specialist.

### Notice.

The 1st Quarterly Meeting on Farmers Valley circuit will be held at Coleville commencing Saturday, Sept. 12th at 2 p. m. All are invited to attend.

I. BENNEHOFF, P. E.
A. E. SPRAGUE, Pastor.

J. C. Hamlin has a new line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers, coats, leggins, belts, etc. Everything that contributes to a pleasant shooting trip. See his window.

J. C. Backus wants two good pinstickers.

# ...The... PROOF

By EDWIN L. SABIN

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My lady was out of Normandy. My lord was a Burgundian. A couple worse mated you never looked upon.

She was tall and straight, round of waist and broad of shoulders, for her house gave to the world mighty men and splendid women; her skin was the fairest, her lips were the reddest, her eyes the truest, the contour of her features the most noble and perfect that all Normandy could boast, and her hair was a living mass of ruddy gold.

He was square and squat, for his house gave to the world ball-like fighters and of women none worth the mention. His skin was swarthy and hairy, and his features were disfigured by battle and the plague. Indeed, what with his bowed legs and his low stature and his unprepossessing face where life had spoiled that little of grace by nature granted, my lord was not, thus to speak, attractive.

SHE BENT AND KISSED HIM.

Raoul le Laid—Raoul the Ugly—was he called, and when he first heard the name instead of being angry he was pleased. He knew that he was ugly, and he took it for a blessing, not a curse. In this my lord showed some wit. Would that his wit might have served him further!

Five leagues northward across the valley from the chateau des Bois dwelt my lady's cousin. When I say that he was styled Jean le Bel, and that he well bore the title, possibly I have explained enough.

Jean the fair, Jean the handsome, he was, and I must not fail to add that he was a brave and tried knight. He was all that a knight should be, and if it is accused that he was more let it be remembered after all that he was only a man.

My lord was fifteen years my lady's senior; her cousin was scarcely fifteen months. My lord knew naught, cared for naught, beyond the niche and the rough chase; her cousin was not alone a good dancer, but a courtier. My lord allowed my lady no voice, considered her in no point and left her to her own devices within the chateau; her cousin sought her smile and helped her to pass away her time.

I do not understand how it happened that my lord took my lady for wife, since he made nothing of her and seemed to despise in her woman and woman's ways. He was ugly, he was surly, he was a man of the tourney and of the camp, but withal he might have had her for his, ever for his, had he simply treated her a little better than he did his dogs. Oh, I have seen the proud blood rush into her white skin and her Norman spirit swell until I thought her breast would burst under its endeavor! Likely he did not deem it worth while to realize what he was doing, but even might he have realized it, he would not have softened his moods—not Raoul le Laid.

Nevertheless for all that I or any other of my lord's retainers or any of my lady's women attendants witnessed she kept his true wife. She fought for her self—alone, she fought for herself as she must, since he made no effort by a single kind act or encouraging word to save her.

Many a time when her cousin rode gayly into the court below she locked herself in her room in the tower, but sometimes she did not. There are occasions when the thirsty heart must drink. Can one perishing in the desert because of thirst refuse unceasingly to sip of water?

However tempted as she was by the very devil in the person of Jean le Bel, my lady's honor, to the best of my knowledge, remained in the sight of God as bright as a new sword. Conscious of what is to be the end of this tale, I say it still.

Now came the appeal of Bernard of Clairvaux calling upon the Christian world to rescue Edessa from the infidels and to make the Holy Land holy in fact as well as in name.

My lord heard and obeyed, not so much for love of the cause as for love of the blows in prospect. Forth he rode, and we of his train, to don the scarlet cross and to follow the banner of France and of Guienne.

As we waited, equipped and gathered in the court of the castle, my lady appeared clad in a long gown of shimmering green which she was wont to wear when she wished to look her very best.

From the steps she gazed searchingly over the array until she had descried my lord standing ready to mount his horse as soon as he had completed instructions that he was delivering to the steward. My lady glided straight to him and put her bare arms around his neck. My lord impatiently shook his head.

"Just this once, Raoul," she pleaded. And she bent and kissed him, at which he frowned.

"Be brave and victorious and faithful to the cross, my husband," she said. But she spoke to his back.

Thereupon with a flush upon her face and tears in her eyes, but with haughty mien that defied any glances of compassion, she returned across the crowded court and entered the doorway and disappeared.

An instant later as we trotted down the valley I saw her handkerchief fluttering from the walls. My lord looked not back.

We were not, then aware of it, but meantime in his chateau deep in Bel was lying ill of a lingering fever which all his fretting over his helplessness did not a whit abate. The second crusade marshaled and mustered without him.

Everybody has heard how the army under Louis and the magnificent Eleanor bickered and dawdled and battled. We from the Chateau des Bois stayed to Damascus and the bitter end. Bronzed by the desert, scarred by the Seljuks, four years after our departure from the green valley we approached it again—not all of us, but we whom God and the infidel had spared, and among the number was my lord, now more than ever Raoul le Laid.

We drew up before the little inn at the entrance to the valley and dismounted. My lord would have a cup of wine, and then I must ride ahead and announce to the chatelain the news of our coming.

As we clumped in old, fat Pierre himself waddled through to serve us, and when he beheld my lord he turned white as the whitest skull bleaching mid the sun and sand.

"Raoul le Laid!" he stammered, his eyes well nigh popping out of their sockets.

"The same—still Raoul le Laid," growled my lord.

"But we thought that you were dead, seigneur," asserted the host in marveling tones.

"Not yet, Pierre le Gras," replied my lord, "but I soon will be unless you be stir your great body and fetch a bottle of the wine that I used to like."

"Long since have word came to us that you were dead in the desert—you and the most of your men," persisted Pierre, staring doubtfully.

"Many of my men, I admit," grunted my lord, "yet not I. Strange that no one who knows my face should attach it to some other short neck and that it a short trunk and thereby leave Raoul le Laid where it was not willed that he should be left. How came the word?"

"From mouth to mouth, seigneur, until everybody believed."

"Everybody, say you?" queried my lord good naturedly. "Then there are no some disappointed friends of ours, Pierre? But wine, wine, wine!"

Within brief space behold me once more in the familiar court of the chateau to bear my tidings. Here I was piqued to find that I had been forestalled. A rascal from our small company o'erimportant to greet a sweetheart had not been able to endure the

WORD CAME TO US THAT YOU WERE DEAD."

inn, but secretly had spurred on, and now all the chateau knew of my lord's return.

Charles, the steward, led me aside.

"There will be trouble," he said. "Does my lord suspect?"

"Trouble?" I repeated. "And why? Or do you mean trouble for my lady, as of old?"

"Has none told you?" he queried.

"Told us what?" I demanded. "My lady—not dead?"

"Then you have not heard that the chateau has had a new master in place of the other whom we all thought was gone forever?"

"No!" I gasped. "Who?"

"Who but Jean le Bel, God rest him. His reign was brief, but bright."

"Dead?"

"Six months. As you see, Gaspard, we deemed my lord dead and you dead and the whole troop dead," continued Charles. "You were surrounded and killed."

"Surrounded, but not killed; only made captives for a time, those of us who lived. And later we escaped—that is, those of us who were living still," I explained.

Charles nodded and resumed:

"Do not blame my lady. She was faithful to my lord while she thought him living and even after all others thought him dead. Do not blame Jean le Bel. He kept himself well in leash. But when at last the barrier seemed removed beyond doubt then the streams met, and why not?"

"And they were duly joined?"

Again Charles nodded.

"Duly," he assured. "Joined for three months of bliss in this world and—I believe it—for a life eternal in the next."

"And now what next?" I murmured.

"In truth, what next?" responded Charles. And he added an old proverb of his province, "Where the goat is tethered there it must graze."

"But it may break its tether," I said significantly.

"Not my lady," replied the steward quickly. "She will live it out. Already she has sent word to the inn that my lord is welcome home and that she prepares to greet him, and greet him she will, God pity her!"

With some difficulty I tore myself away from the crowd of friends bent upon renewing acquaintance and repaired to the inn. There I found a strange knight courteously sitting his horse before the door, the host within having his mail adjusted while he

TWO BLOWS SENT HIM CRASHING TO THE EARTH.

clamored for his own steed, and the landlord and all his servants staring and whispering.

"What is it, Pierre?" I exclaimed, dragging him a step apart from the thick of the clutter.

"It is a matter of a fight to the death," he babbled. "A few moments ago one this way that knight whom you noted without and, not uncovering, called for wine. Then, ere it had been brought, learning that Raoul le Laid was inside, he made a jest and a sneer upon madame, the seigneur's lady, speaking light of her faithfulness. Aye, he declared that she had been untrue and that with her husband gone to the Holy Land she had betrayed his honor and his name, and more to that effect. It is not so, it is not so, my poor Gaspard. She is innocent of sin. What she did—but doubtless you have heard at the chateau. Yes, she is innocent, and Sir Raoul is to prove it upon this fellow's body. If heaven judge the right, the affair will be short, indeed."

"Does my lord not know?" I queried.

"Of madame and Jean le Bel?" answered Pierre. "Not a word. But what does that count? Madame is innocent."

My lord strode to the doorway, where was waiting a few paces beyond the stranger knight. This latter was helmeted and so close hooded, almost to mailing, that in the gathering dusk no one could descry his features.

"Off head," ordered my lord rudely. "I would see the face whose lips can vomit such slander."

"My poor body I offer first," replied the knight. "That vanquished, you will behold my face soon enough."

His voice, issuing from amid the steel, rang oddly familiar. I puzzled over it.

"Poor body, forsooth, it will be when I am done with it!" remarked my lord with a laugh, springing on his horse. "And poor face must it be, too, so to be ashamed of itself, I fancy that, after all, 'tis only another Seljuk that I am about to slay."

Lance there was none. It was out sword and charge, and the combat was over so quickly that hardly had we time to catch breath. My lord, furiously meeting the stranger more than half way, had raised in his seat and with two blows had struck the other crashing to the earth.

The stranger knight lay outstretched and never moved. My lord dismounted and knelt above.

"Now I will see that face!" he gibed. And he snatched off the linked hood. The helm had rolled afar.

Then saw he the face—and knew it. We, crowding around, saw it—aye, and knew it. It was the face of my lady!

And, looking up at him, she smiled and died.

### A Fijian Chief's Rebuke.

A frivolous visitor to the Fiji islands said to a Fijian chief: "It is really a pity you have been so foolish as to listen to these missionaries. No one nowadays believes in the Bible."

The chief's eyes flushed as he said: "Do you see that stone? There we killed our victims. Do you see that oven? There we roasted their bodies for our feasts. If it hadn't been for the missionaries and the Bible you would have met the same fate."

### A Good Time.

Mr. Bensonhurst—Willie, did you have a good time the week you spent at your grandfather's?

Little Willie—Rather! He let me go out to play without calling me back every time and saying, "Willie, have you got a clean handkerchief?"—Brooklyn Citizen.

### No Branch.

Inquiring Stranger—What branch of education does your teacher prefer, my boy?

Boy—He don't use no branch, sir. He hits us with the ruler.

## A NEAT BUNKO GAME

### HOW THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE KNEW IT ALL WAS FOOLED.

**A Scheme That Worked the Way the Betting Went and Gave No Clew as to How the Tip Was Passed to Break or Not to Break the Jam.**

"It's a good thing for us, I suppose, that whenever we get it all settled and arranged in our minds that we're too everlastingly bright and crafty to be done by anybody we usually get a fall that takes the perkiness out of us," said a Washington department store buyer who makes frequent trips to New York. "Up to a certain day last week, for example, I had a pretty thorough understanding with myself that there was no old-kind of a New York bunko game that I'd bite on. I'd been going to New York too often and for too long a time for anything like that. Well, listen.

"A week ago Monday morning last I was standing after breakfast on the Thirty-sixth street side of the Marlborough hotel in New York, taking a sun bath for myself and mapping out my programme for the day. Two or three other men were standing near me doing the same.

"Our attention was lazily enlisted as we stood there by the spectacle of a boy wearing a chef's cap and apron recklessly swinging an empty crockery pitcher above his head. The boy was rigged up like a hotel kitchen apprentice.

"What infernal whelps most boys are, anyhow?" remarked a sporty looking man standing near me to a plain looking individual who was standing alongside of him. 'Now, just look at that cub fooling with that pitcher. It's a cinch that he'll drop it and smash it to smithereens before he gets to Seventh avenue.'

"'Oh, I dunno,' was the reply of the plain looking man. 'I guess the kid knows what he's about. He's got a pretty good clutch on the handle of the pitcher. He'll hang on to it all right.'

"'But you five he drops it before he reaches Seventh avenue,' was the quick response of the man with the sporty look.

"'I guess I'll take that bet,' answered the plain looking man, and he produced his wad. The sporty looking citizen peeled a V from his roll and both men put up their money with the uniformed carriage starter stationed outside the Marlborough. Then they took up the jog together toward Seventh avenue to keep an eye on the boy, who was still swinging the pitcher wildly. I held my ground and watched the proceeding. It looked like a pretty good bet for the plain looking man until, when the boy was only about ten feet from the corner of Seventh avenue, the pitcher flew out of his hand as he was trying some singularly difficult piece of juggling with it and was dashed into a hundred fragments on a doorstep. The sporty looking man and the plain looking individual returned to where I was standing and the former took the two V's from the stakeholder with a grin, saying:

"'I thought sure I was going to lose out on that when the kid got so near Seventh avenue without anything happening to the pitcher.'

"Two days later I was standing alongside a hotel at the corner of Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, in Harlem, waiting for a downtown electric car, when I saw that selfsame youngster, with the identical kitchen apprentice's loggery, going along Eighth avenue, again wildly swinging a pitcher. Then I cast my eyes about me, and there, only three feet to the left of me and leaning against an 'L' stanchion, was the sporty looking man. He blinked lazily at me when he saw that I had observed the boy with the pitcher.

"'What infernal whelps most boys are, anyway,' he said to me in precisely the same words and the same tone he had used in making the remark a couple of days before to the plain looking man who had lost his V. 'Now, just look at that cub fooling with that pitcher. It's a cinch that he'll drop it and smash it to smithereens before he reaches the next corner.'

"'What a foxy way this fellow has of making a living!' I mused. 'But I'll just give him a little run for his money, so I will.'

"'That's the betting end of it,' I said aloud to the sporty looking man, 'that I'd be willing to take myself.'

"'Oh, well,' he replied laughingly, 'any old thing to pass the time away. It's about an even thing one way or the other, I suppose.'

"'Just about,' said I.

"'Well,' he said good naturedly, 'then I'll bet you a V that he doesn't smash it before he reaches the next corner.'

"'You're on,' said I, and we put up our five spots with the news dealer on the corner.

"'This,' said I to myself as I fell into step with the sporty looking man, 'is like wheedling grandma out of a nickel for cookies. There's no way that this crafty con man can pass the tip to that kid not to drop that pitcher, according to the usual frame up, without my getting next to the dodge and calling him down on it. I think I see a new five dollar bat for myself this afternoon.'

"My reflections along this pleasant line, however, were interrupted. The boy was already crossing the street, still swinging the pitcher wildly and whistling merrily. He reached the other side and went right along his way, taking tremendous chances with the pitcher and whistling with all the fervor of youth, and I had lost.

"How had the sporty looking man passed the signal to the kid not to drop the pitcher on that occasion? I give it up. I didn't stop to inquire of him. I felt too cheap to stop for any purpose whatever, but swung on board the downtown surface car with a whole lot of the kinks of conceit combed out of me."—Pittsburg Press.

### Now, What Did He Mean?

He—This is the ladies' gallery. Over there is the men's gallery. Just above the speaker's desk is the press gallery.

She—Oh, yes, and where is the rogues' gallery?

He—Why—er—the congressmen sit down there on the main floor.—Baltimore Herald.

### How He Won His Bet.

In a certain office building in the downtown district there is a club on an upper floor, with an express elevator service for members. The other day two of the latter emerged from the dining room, where they had eaten luncheon, and eyed the elevator floor indicator. The arrow moved in two shafts, one of them the club elevator express route.

"It's wonderful how much time a man can save by these expresses," remarked one of the pair.

"Nonsense," said his companion, "I can get to the bottom on a local and beat you while I am doing it."

"Ten dollars that you can't," was the reply.

The cages in both shafts opened with a click, and without further parley the two men separated, entering the different elevators. The local got away a fraction of a moment ahead of the express. When the man in the latter stepped out his acquaintance was waiting for him.

"How did you do it?" gasped the express passenger, digging down for the forfeited bank note.

"That was easy," said his companion. "I gave my elevator man half of the bet, in advance, and he didn't make any stops."—New York Post.

### Worked a Living Chain.

Dr. P. L. Hull's painter dog was the cause of a good deal of amusement and excitement in Bonnyville one day. The doctor stopped at a trough to water his horse. A canvas pipe about a hundred feet long passes under a crossing at this place, and the dog, being warm from running, crawled into the pipe to get cool. When the time came to leave he could not turn around, and as the pipe was crooked he could not see the opposite end of it, so there he stuck. After various suggestions had been made for getting him out a small negro boy was sent in after him. The boy got him by the leg, but then found that he himself could not back out. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, finally a second negro boy was sent in. His legs remained within reach from the outside, and when he had caught the first boy by the legs and the first boy had got a secure hold on the dog's legs some strong men took the second boy by his legs, and thus they were all pulled out.—Exchange.

### To Save the Drowning.

Many a swimmer stops short before learning how to approach a drowning person, but he should add a knowledge of this as of the proper means of artificial respiration before he can be accounted a master of the art. "So says the London Chronicle, and adds: 'The swimmer in difficulties may always be assisted, even by a tyro, provided he be himself a strong enough swimmer, but the bather who cannot swim at all or who has entirely lost his presence of mind should always be approached from behind and seized by the arms. Then by swimming on the back it is easy to tow him to safety. Further, the bather in difficulties should remember that throwing the arms out of the water tends to sink the whole body, the air being a poor supporting medium for their weight.'"

### The Peculiar Ganges Water.

There is a scientific basis for the universal faith—usually called superstition—among Hindoos in the cleansing qualities of the Ganges as well as in its peculiar sanctity. Careful experiments has shown that the river possesses extraordinary and inexplicable antiseptic properties. A government analyst took water from the main sewer of Benares which contained millions of cholera germs. When emptied into a receptacle of Ganges water in six hours they were all dead. He took undeniably pure water and threw a few of these cholera germs in. They propagated and swarmed. These tests were tried repeatedly.

### "Live Bait" For Alligators.

The negroes of Jamaica, in the British West Indies, use "live bait" to catch alligators. They tie a puppy to a tree near the alligator's haunt and await developments with a gun. The puppy's yelp is exactly like the bark of the baby alligator. Naturally Mrs. Alligator comes out of her mudhole in the lagoon, thinking somebody is troubling her offspring. Then the negro gets to work with his gun, and Mrs. Alligator falls a victim to her maternal affection.

### A Servian Idiom.

"Greenlee says that when he was abroad he courted a Servian girl."

"Custom any different from ours?"

"I guess not. Greenlee says when he called on her they usually sat vis-a-vis."

"I don't believe a word that Greenlee says."

"Why not?"

"There's no such expression as vis-a-vis in the Servian language. It's vitch-a-vitch!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### What He Took Her For.

"What! Marry you!" snorted the fiery tempered maiden. "Huh! What do you take me for?"

"For better or worse," he replied promptly. So they were married and lived unhappily ever after, for, alas, she was worse than he took her for.

### A Distinction.

"I dislike so much to be called a 'poetess,'" said a young woman who sometimes wrote verses for publication.

"Perhaps," suggested her matter of fact brother, "if you will write a little better quality of poetry people will call you a poet."

### For Company Use.

Visitor (during temporary absence of hostess)—What beautiful teeth your mamma has, Tommy.

Tommy—Yes'm; she never wears that set 'cept when she has callers.—Baltimore American.

You should never punish a child when you are angry, and, by the way, never scold a man for getting drunk until after he is sober.—Atchison Globe.

After all, happiness isn't a question of riches, pie, a good complexion or love and power, but of contentment.—Atchison Globe.


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## J. C. Hamlin.



McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1903.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—School opened Monday.

—Boy robbers in Bradford are causing the police considerable annoyance.

—The Oswayo Valley Mail is 18 years old and is as bright and interesting as a pretty girl of a similar age.

—Smethport was a deserted village Monday, most of the inhabitants being in Bradford or Port Allegany.

—Thomas Collins, a woodman, committed suicide at Oleona, Potter county, by drowning on Tuesday evening of last week.

—Henry Frederick of New York has made a trip around the world in 54 days, 7 hours and 20 minutes, beating all previous records.

—A deal was made last week in which T. N. Barnsdall has become the principal owner of the Potter Gas Co. The transaction involved about $1,250,000.

—There is an open sewer at the corner of Main and First streets that should be looked after by the proper authorities before an epidemic of typhoid fever results.

—The management of the Smethport Lyceum cancelled the date for the Mayflower Comedy Co., which had been announced to appear Tuesday evening of this week.

—The Smethport High School orchestra is no more, in name only. The name has been changed to the Smethport Lyceum orchestra. To-day this organization is one of which Smethport can well feel proud.

—A charter was granted at Harrisburg last Thursday to the Pasadena Medicine Company of this place. Dr. Burg Chadwick, Hon. T. F. Richmond, Sheridan Gorton and F. D. Gallup are the stockholders of the company which is capitalized at $20,000.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subject of the lesson will be "The Gift and the Use of Talents." On Monday, Sept. 14th, Holy Cross Day, the eleventh anniversary of the consecration of the new St. Luke's church, there will be services at 10:30 a. m.

—A number of the friends of Elmer Furman gathered at his home in Keating township one evening last week and celebrated in an enjoyable manner his mother's 74th birthday and also the return of his sister from the West after an absence of 18 years. The presents were numerous and beautiful. Elegant refreshments were served.

—A scythe blade which fell from its hangings in a boiler house on the Disney lease near Songbird yesterday morning, cut a gash about 18 inches long in the thigh of Charles Disney, who was at work there. The injury was quite painful and Mr. Disney was brought to this city, where he received medical attention, says Friday's Bradford Star.

#### As to Old Ages.

Thomas Parr and Henry Jenkins are respectively credited with the ages of 152 and 169. Jeanne Serimphan was married when she was 127 and died when she was 128. He fathered married at 110 and became the father of two children and died at 120. Marie Prion reached the age of 158. A woman of Metz, the mother of twenty-four children, died at the age of 100. Surgeon Politman celebrated his one hundred and fortieth birthday. Patrick O'Neil buried seven wives and died at 120, and a Norwegian peasant is recorded as dying at 146 and leaving two sons, one aged 108 and the other only nine summers. Mr. Robert Taylor lived to be 134 and died of excitement on receiving the picture of Queen Victoria signed by herself. An Irishman named Brown, who was a habitual drunkard, lived to be 120. A French drunkard lived to be 112. He had a daily decanch for ninety years. Durmad d'Enver of Cahors lived to be 125. A woman of 124 drank strong coffee in great quantities all her days, while a man of 114 lived on fruit, chiefly melons, and chewed lemon peel.—Portland Oregonian.

#### Was Solomon a Plagiarist?

Two thousand five hundred years before King Solomon made an alliance with Pharaoh and 3,500 years before the birth of Christ there lived in Egypt a prefect, Ptah-ho-tep by name, who was a collector of moral maxims which were even then hoary with antiquity. These gems of proverbial wisdom are strikingly like those of the wise Hebrew monarch, although it must be admitted they received additional luster from his hand. These are samples of the Egyptian maxims, as translated in the Literary Digest:

"Be not proud of your wisdom, but speak to the ignorant man as you do to the learned."

"If you must deal with an antagonist while he is in anger and he is more powerful than you, then bend your neck to him."

What is this but the philosophy which warns against the "man wise in his own conceit" and advises the "soft answer that turneth away wrath?"

#### Smart Girl.

"Do you know," said Miss Bunting, "Mildred Gildersleeve almost coaxed Mr. Fillmore to propose to her. That's how she became engaged."

"Ah, begged the question, did she?" replied Mr. Larkin.—Detroit Free Press.

How easy, is it not, for the strong to advise the weak; for the well to advise the sick.—Schoolmaster.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

#### Some Odd Ears.

In human beings the two ears frequently do not match, though, as both cannot be properly seen at the same time, this defect usually escapes our notice. The same thing is true to some extent of monkeys and quadrupeds, and owls have one ear directed upward and the other downward, which enables them to hear both above and below as they fly.

Taking the word "ear" in a broader sense, there are some animals which possess two kinds of these organs. A fish, for example, has a pair of ears imbedded in its head, and also a peculiar streak—the lateral line—running down each side of the body, which appears to perform some of the functions of hearing, as it is concerned with the detection of movements in the surrounding water.

The two feelers which project from the head of an insect are almost certainly auditory organs, and when these are supplemented by ears of another kind we can say that the ears are not all alike.

Grasshoppers and locusts have extra ears in their legs, and the common house fly has a pair of little club shaped projections behind the wings (balancers) which probably help it to hear.—Stray Stories.

#### Odd Death of a Bird.

A curious instance of bird death is recorded by W. E. D. Scott in his "Story of a Bird Lover." He tells a story of a kingfisher who was shot, pursued his flight apparently unhurt, for 200 feet, and then dropped dead. Still, when the body was examined there was no mark of a wound upon it, which gave rise to the possibility that a wild bird could be frightened to death. "I have seen the same thing happen many times since," continues the story. "I know now the reason for this. A single shot striking a bird in flight, penetrating the thin side of his body and entering his lungs, makes a very small hole, and no external hemorrhage ensues. There is little or no shock to the bird. I fancy he hardly feels pain, but presently the internal hemorrhage from the great blood vessels that have been severed makes him suddenly unconscious, and in a moment he is dead. The time, however, between the penetrating of the shot and the internal hemorrhage is sufficient to allow the animal to travel a very considerable distance seemingly uninjured."

#### The Blow on the Jaw.

A man struck with any degree of force upon the mental area of the jaw, although he may be in perfect physical condition, instantly collapses and falls to the ground. The attitude assumed in recovery, which may be instantaneous or delayed some minutes, is most characteristic. He squirms, almost raises his head and rolls his eyes in an attempt to locate himself. He tries to get on his side and elbows; he endeavors to rise upon his hands and knees. If he regains his feet he staggers like a drunken man, and should he proceed to resume hostilities he is usually promptly "put out" by his adversary. The blow is practically never fatal; the heart's action is never unduly accelerated; the pulse and respiration are normal; the pupils are normal; there is no headache, no sweats, no cold extremities, no pallor, none of the ordinary signs of shock or concussion.—Medical News.

#### Jacob's Ladder.

Among long staircases the world over none, it is safe to say, is so long or difficult of ascent as "Jacob's ladder." This remarkable flight contains more than 700 steps, all rising with the same lift in the same direction. The steps rise at an angle of exactly forty-five degrees.

"Jacob's ladder" ascends a particularly steep hill at St. Helena. The steps are naturally the most direct route to the summit of the hill and despite their great length are traversed daily by hundreds of wayfarers. There are said to be many persons who from long practice are able to ascend the steep stairway at a rapid pace without once stopping for breath.

#### The Most Costly Hair.

Every year, two or three days after the fete of St. John, a market of human hair is held at Limoges. Girls, matrons and old women from the country around bargain to obtain the best price for their tresses, which are shorn off in the market place. White hair always fetches the highest price, because the color cannot be produced with dyes. It is often worth $25 per pound. Gray hair comes next in market value, then flaxen colored, golden auburn, light and dark brown, in that order. The cheapest is black hair.

#### Two Fatal Mistakes.

Marie Antoinette, escaping from the Tuileries, turned to the right instead of to the left after passing the inner arch. She lost her way, lost time and by this means lost her own head and the head of Louis XIV. So the story of Carlyle runs.

Queen Draga of Servia meant to leave Belgrade, but waited for a going away gown, being anxious that as a fugitive she should appear in becoming attire. It was a fatal delay.

#### Lucky or Not.

"Eve was really a very lucky woman," remarked Mr. Henpeque. "She didn't have any woman to criticise her clothes."

Mrs. Henpeque's eyes snapped.

"On the other hand," she retorted, "she didn't have any woman around to envy the first gowns a woman ever had!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

#### An Old Time Explosion.

An old chronicler tells a curious story of an explosion which occurred in London Jan. 4, 1649. A ship chandler, it seems, "about 7 of the clock at night, being busy in his shop about barrelling up of gunpowder, it took fire and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houses thereabout to the number of fifty or sixty. The number of persons destroyed by this blow could never be known, for the next house but one was the Rose tavern, a house never (at that time of night) but full of company. And in three or four days, after digging, they continually found heads, arms, legs, etc." The most interesting part of the account comes further on:

"In the digging they found the mistress of the house of the Rose tavern sitting in her bar and one of the drawers standing by the bar's side, with a pot in his hand, only stifled by dust and smoke, their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one upon another. There was also found upon the upper leads of Barking church a young child lying in a cradle as newly laid in bed, neither child nor cradle having the least sign of fire or other hurt. It was never known whose child it was, so that one of the parish kept it for a memorial, for in the year 1660 I saw the child, known to be then a proper maiden."

#### The Troubles of the Coyote.

The coyote has small chance for life. It is hunted upon all occasions and by devious and sundry methods. As the cowboy careers along the plains he pops at it with his six shooter. The wise ranchman has a shotgun or rifle hanging in a convenient place awaiting the appearance of a coyote near the ranch house. The hunter of more choice game never misses a shot at a coyote, while there are professionals who do little else but pursue it from one year's end to another. Besides, there are organized hunts inaugurated in settled communities for both pleasure and profit, when a large scope of the country is swept clean and the coyotes falling into the meshes of the hunt are dispatched and their skins tanned for rugs and doormats. Then animals are baited with poisoned meat. This method of destruction is not only used by ranchmen, but by persons who make a business of killing coyotes for a living.—Kansas City Journal.

#### The Apelsin In Society.

To ape anything is a sign of vacuity of mind; to ape the follies of those above you is one of the most offensive forms of vulgarity. Yet we see the follies of the uppermost classes steadily imitated all down the different sets of society, and the popularity of every book dealing with the peerage is a proof, if one were needed, of what absorbing interest our failings are to the public. There is nothing we will not write upon to gratify this vulgar curiosity; nothing is in too bad taste if by its publication we can raise a little of the "needful." Our scandals, our intrigues, our inane conversation, our bills and even our menus are recorded for the benefit of a public which, while professing to be horrified, greedily cries for more.—A Countess in London Outlook.

#### Tobacco For Wives.

In the early history of Virginia and Maryland tobacco was by all odds the most important crop, and it was even possible at times to secure a wife in exchange for a moderate amount of tobacco, as in later days in the west a squaw could be obtained in exchange for a small amount of whisky. In 1732 at Jamestown tobacco was made a legal tender for all debts, including customs. In about a dozen years after the founding of Jamestown by Captain John Smith an English nobleman, Sir Edwin Sandys, brought over with a ship load of supplies ninety young English maids, who immediately upon their arrival were wooed and married by the colonists, each being paid for at the rate of "120 pounds of good tobacco."

#### Patience and Patients.

"You have not taken the medicine I left," asked the physician with some anger. "I declare such actions as that simply make me lose my patience!"

"Well, doctor," meekly smiled the suffering one, "I was afraid if I continued to take your medicine you would lose another of your patients."

Realizing that the case was hopeless, the physician left the house.

"GUESS who it is?" The mother knows the touch of the soft hands too well to need to guess, and for the moment she enters into the playful spirit of the child and forgets her toil and weariness. Then a sudden movement sends a thrill of pain through her and she realizes that though love may lighten labor it cannot lighten pain.

Thousands of women who have suffered from backache, headache, and other consequences of womanly disease, have been made well women by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as it has done me so much good," writes Mrs. Henry Harrell, of Tarboro, N. C., Box 109. "I was swollen so I could hardly walk when I began taking the 'Favorite Prescription.' I also had uterine trouble and could neither eat nor sleep only as I took morphine. Tried four different doctors and they all failed to do me any good, so one of my friends recommended your 'Favorite Prescription' to me and I took only three bottles and am now well and hearty. Can do almost any kind of work."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most desirable laxative for delicate women.



## "It"

Is the New and Better Breakfast Food, so different from all others that it pleases everybody. Get a package to-day at your grocers.

THE GRANULA FOOD CO., LE ROY, N. Y.

## Paint Protection

*The practical painter says,* when your house is covered with

**Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint**

and the paint covered by a 5 year guaranty you have the best possible protection to your house and purse.

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint protects, preserves and beautifies. Made of purest pigments and oil, with just the right proportions of zinc and lead (Patton's secret formula). It withstands sun and rain; heat and cold twice as long as hand made paint. Guaranteed to wear well for five years—usually lasts twice that long. Send for book of Paint Knowledge and Advice (free) to

PATTON PAINT CO., Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

FOR SALE BY

## J. C. HAMLIN, Smethport, Pa.



## Good Coffee or Tea

Does not hurt you even if some of the advertisements of these wonderful substitutes do tell you so. We have the finest line in the place, as well as a complete line of the best groceries.

Leave your orders by 'phone or in person and they will be delivered promptly at your home.

## Hagberg & Sherburne,

Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.



## STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

## BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

## FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.



## PICTURES

Just received an elegant line of pictures. Altogether new styles and designs. If you want something new and pretty come and look them over.

## BOOKS

Full line of new books by the latest authors. Look them over. WILL SELL THEM VERY CHEAP next ten days.

## Wells Pharmacy.



## FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

## CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**



## Brasted's ICE CREAM

By the DISH, QUART or GALLON.



## "Coff-Nuts"

A New Substitute for Coffee.

Made from good ground ground-nuts, buttered butter-nuts, and selected hips, haws and paw-paws, mixed with crisp, sweet flakes of Takachewa, the modern bran-food. The very latest production of the Insanitarium. Boiled for 2½ hours, it cannot be distinguished from Roastem, Hikahika, Coffeyetta, Hip-yip or Library Paste. Makes sick men well, well men sick and dead men thankful. Why eat real food when there is more money in substitutes?

However, if your imagination is inactive, and you prefer genuine coffee straight from the tree. Drink "C. & S. coffee." At

## J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next to Bank.



THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.

These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

## EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

# McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Guttown position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

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Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. HACKIS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1903.


Republican Ticket.

STATE.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
WILLIAM P. SNYDER,
of Philadelphia County.

STATE TREASURER,
WILLIAM L. MATTHEWS,
of Delaware County.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES,
THOMAS A. MORRISON,
of McKean county.
JOHN J. HENDERSON,
of Crawford county.

COUNTY.

PRESIDENT JUDGE,
JOSEPH W. BOUTON,
of Smethport.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
WALTER OSTRANDER,
of Liberty Township.

JOHN MILLER, a German, was arrested at Syracuse on Monday on the charge of threatening to shoot President Roosevelt. He denies that he made any threat against the President's life and claims a woman through whom the police learned it is lying.

THE New York Farmer rises to remark that "the grangers should turn down the smiling, gushing, bowing, smirking, handshaking, shoulder slapping, rib punching, fence building, log rolling, round rompered, wife pulling, nomination asking and vote begging professional politicians who haunt the grange picnics in summer."

THE younger clergy are agitating the start of a world wide movement to induce the pope to modernize the papal system so as to accord with modern progressive ideas. The initiators count especially upon the French, Irish, American and Australian clergy to help and trust that the powers and the press will support them, says a dispatch from Rome.

SEVERAL dispatches give an unconfirmed report of an attempt on King Peter's life at Nish on Saturday. It is said that stones were thrown at the royal carriage, one striking the King in the face, and a pistol was fired from a neighboring window. It is also rumored that the Sixth Servian regiment, notorious for the part it played in the recent regicides, has been ordered to Nish.

THE Constantinople correspondent of the Standard telegraphs that the wedding story given out by the Vali of Beirut, as an explanation of the outrage on United States Vice Consul Magelssen is proved to be false and the vice consul's assailant is believed to be known. It is expected that the United States will peremptorily demand the dismissal of the vali, who, continues the correspondent, by common consent, is ruining Beirut. His disgrace would also strike a blow at the baleful influence of the Arab Izzet, a palace favorite, whose creature he is.

WHEN an old line Democrat like Gen. Buckner joins the Republicans, as he has done, the Kentucky Democracy must be badly split. Of course, Buckner is a gold man and was out of harmony with his party on the money issue long before the Democratic gold bolters in 1896 put him on the ticket with Palmer. There is no place for him in the Democratic party under present conditions. So long as there is any talk of silverism he must support the Republicans. On the expansion issue, too, he is on the Republican side. The Democrats of Kentucky are weakened by a good many defections, but they pretend to be confident of victory. Perhaps they have a right to feel confident. It is a fact, however, that the Republicans will put up a fight which will make the campaign of 1903 in that State very interesting to the country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE flippant editorial writer who is persistently trying to say mean things and whose chief purpose is to display his alleged smartness, is called to account in this fashion by Editor W. O. Smith of the Punxsutawney Spirit: "Sarcasm in journalism, like the prattle of the gossip, is enjoyed only by weak and depraved minds. Small men, like little animals, are always showing their teeth in order to terrify their enemies, because they feel their incompetency to cope with real power. Hence they constantly resort to the hiss and rattle of sarcasm as a warning that they are about to strike, when the truth is that there is nothing deadly in their stroke. Greatness is always characterized by kindness and sympathy. Its strength is expended in lifting men up rather than in efforts to drag them down. Sarcasm is the sneer of the impotent. Rightly constituted men love pleasant things."

## Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1903.

The Alaskan Boundary Commission is now in session in London and the proceedings are being followed with intense interest both by officials of the State Department and by those citizens familiar with the contentions of the United States and Great Britain. Already the American commissioners have made a strong point. It is that the United States has, from the time of the cession of Alaska to the present day, maintained but one interpretation of the treaty of 1825. The Canadian or British contentions, on the other hand, have varied repeatedly. From a demand that the dividing line be drawn on the 41st meridian, down to the contention that the line be drawn straight across such arms of the sea as Glacier Bay and Lynn canal, the British have been modifying their demands and giving evidence of possessing a claim which must depend for success on skillful diplomacy rather than on an equitable interpretation of the facts. The presence of ex-Secretary of State Foster as agent of the American commissioners is a source of gratification to the State Department as it is realized that he is more than any other individual able to present the case of this country in its strongest light and hopes are running high as to the eventual outcome of the proceedings.

The European squadron has arrived at Beirut, but so unsettled are conditions in Turkey reported to be that the State Department is waiting for further advices from Minister Leishman before instructing Admiral Cotton to open the sealed orders he found awaiting him. The situation in Constantinople has become so grave that the government has been obliged to advise the ambassadors and ministers to guard their embassies and legations with unusual care. The Turkish government has added to the street patrol in the vicinity of the foreign quarter and the diplomats have generally called upon the station ships of their respective nations for guards of marines. The United States legation now has a small guard of paid police, but Minister Leishman has been authorized to call upon Admiral Cotton for a squad of marines if the situation seems to warrant it. It is also possible that one of the American vessels, probably the Machias will go through the Dardanelles and anchor off Constantinople in order that it may be in readiness to receive the minister and his family in the event of a general uprising. While there is a provision in the treaty effected just after the Crimean war prohibiting war ships from entering the Dardanelles, there is also a clause which permits the entry of one ship of each friendly power when Turkey is at war.

President Roosevelt has announced an important policy which is hereafter to govern the American consular service. With the greatly increased extension of the foreign trade of the United States, it has become daily more apparent that greater efficiency in the consular service was required and the President has determined to take a long step in the direction of promoting this efficiency by adopting a policy of promotion for consuls who have proved their ability. Hereafter, it is announced, no one will be appointed consul at an important post until he has served at a post of less importance for a sufficient time to demonstrate his ability and general fitness for promotion. While this policy does not extend to the consular service the protection of the civil service regulations, or necessarily extend the tenure of office of the consuls, it is claimed that it does give to the commercial interests of this country assurance that in a comparatively brief time all important consular stations will be filled, not only by men of character and ability, but by men who, by training and experience, are especially fitted to advance the trade interests of the United States.

The President is likely to be soon called upon to decide an important controversy between the anthracite coal miners and the Department of Commerce and Labor. It appears that the coal operators have refused absolutely to submit to the representatives of the census office the statistics regarding their affairs which the law provides shall be gathered and compiled by that office. The request for this information by the census office was followed by a request for similar data from the Geological Survey and again the same uncompromising opposition was met with. As the principle involved is the same as that contained in the law creating the Bureau of Corporations in the Department of Commerce, the whole situation has been submitted to Secretary Cortelyou. He, in turn, made a final appeal for the information to President Baer, but Mr. Baer positively declined to furnish the desired data and the problem will now go to the President. Under the law, it is claimed, the operators who refuse to furnish the statistics called for by the Government are liable to a penalty of $10,000 and some of the officials believe that Mr. Baer and his colleagues are preparing to test that law.

Another important decision expected almost daily from the President is in the case of William Miller, the public printing office foreman, who was expelled by the bookbinders' union, was discharged by Public Printer Palmer, was subsequently reinstated by order of the President and against whom charges have since been preferred by the union. Palmer has recommended Miller's discharge on the grounds furnished by the charges and his recommendation together with all the details of the case have been sent to Oyster Bay. With this material there also went to Oyster Bay the results of the special investigation of the methods employed in the printing office. These are said to include a recommendation that typesetting machines be installed in the office for at least a portion of the work and also that the task system be abolished, the task system being a stipulation on the part of the unions that only a limited amount of work be performed by each man per day.

### Injury to Union Labor.

One of the incidents which are very harmful to Union labor occurred in Chicago on Monday. J. J. Thornton, the proprietor of a warehouse and van company, was assaulted during the labor parade because he was driving one of his own teams without having a union card in his possession. Thornton hitched three horses to one of his vans in the morning and took a score or more of children out to see the parade. He attempted to find nothing but his guests. For three hours he stood with his wagon at the corner of Jackson Boulevard and Clark street and watched the parade and when he attempted to drive away he was stopped by some of the teamsters in the parade who asked if he had a union card. He tried to explain that he needed no card, that it was his own team and that he was doing no hauling. Several hundred men gathered around the wagon and attempted to pull him off. An escort of police enabled him to get several blocks away when a mob numbering fully 1,000 caught up with him. He whipped up his horses and for nearly a mile was pursued, when finally the mob cut the harness of his horses into small pieces, beat the animals with canes, compelling them to run away and then beat Thornton badly. Thornton employs a large number of teamsters, all of whom are members of the union, and has never had any trouble with the organization before to-day.

### Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between J. C. Stull and John Youmans of Ormsby, McKean County, Pa., under the firm name of Stull & Youmans, was dissolved on the 19th day of August, A. D., 1903, by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said firm are to be paid to the said J. C. Stull, and all demands on said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.

J. C. STULL,
JNO. YOUMANS.


THE FAMOUS

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

MOTHERS

No matter how rough your boy is on his clothes

WE HAVE SUITS

and Shoes and Shirt Waists for just such youngsters.

You can get here the BEST suit for $5.00, and a real good one for $2.50.

50c for a Mother's Friend Shirt Waist. 50c.

They have detached belts to make washing easy, and riveted buttons so the boy can't tear 'em off.

$1.35 SCHOOL SHOE $1.35

If you would spend $2.00 for a pair you could positively get none better than these at $1.35.

*Wm. Monheimer.*

L. K. Hogarth

has an elegant new line of fine soap at low prices.

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS.

SOMETHING NEW IN STATIONERY

We know how to make and serve the most delicious drinks. We are sole agents for the famous Warren I X L Ice Cream.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.


### License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a hearing will be had before the Hon. Jos. W. Bouton, President Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions of McKean County, at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, on Monday, September 21, 1903, at one o'clock p. m. on the petition of John L. Bayer, for a transfer of the Bottler's License granted to him on June 4th, 1903, from the frame building on the west side of Barrett's alley, in the rear of the Barrett property in the Borough of Port Allegany, to a new two story frame building 20x50 feet, situated about 300 feet north of the Allegany Hotel and fronting on Railroad avenue in Port Allegany Borough.

WM. H. MORRISON, Clerk.

Smethport, August 31, 1903.

THOS. H. MORRISON,
Atty. for Petitioner.


NEW GOODS

coming in every day. The most correct and newest novelties in neckwear, belts, purses, etc.

Would call attention to the fine line of invitation goods and all the new designs in

TALLY CARDS.

This is the place to buy children's school stockings.

MRS. M. L. BISETT,
Smethport, Pa.

Do you wear the J. K. shoes?

You don't get the most style and good service for your money unless you do. Next time insist upon having them—no other shoes equal them for all around goodness.

$2.50, $3.00 or $3.50

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $50 000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

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*Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store*

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Blacksmithing.

O. W. Dickerson has purchased the shop formerly occupied by Morris Keefer, Smethport, Pa., where I will do all kinds of blacksmithing and make a specialty of horse shoeing. Having given much attention to all peculiarities and diseases of horses' feet, I will guarantee satisfaction with all such work entrusted to my care.

O. W DICKERSON.

If This Doesn't Bring You You're Out of Town

This morning we shall begin a sale on

Men's Boys' and Children's Clothing

that shall stand as a record breaker for time to come. We would rather count dollars than Goods. Therefore we are going to trade everything for dollars that we possibly can. That is why so many Suits are going to be sold at such low prices. If you don't come in you certainly out of town.

H. W. RUBIN.

TERHUNE UNION-MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILOR, CLOTHIER & FURNISHER.

$10 SMETHPORT, PA. $10

Go to the store of

D. C. YOUNG

for

Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits.

Same will be closed out at cost, without discount, to make room for fall goods.

All other merchandise will be discounted as heretofore advertised. These discounts are much better than trading stamps and my increased sales during the last few weeks show that customers appreciate the same.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., July 27, 1903.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Fall Clothing, Hats and Furnishings Are Arriving Daily.

September 1st will see all new goods in and ready for the wearer. Our ready-to-wear clothes for men, young men and boys will this season be unsurpassed.

Alfred Benjamin & Co.'s clothing for men.

Sam Peck & Co.'s clothing for young men and boys.

These names on a garment mean much to the wearer. They are a guarantee of safety.

You'll come and see them, of course.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

THERE IS SOMETHING DOING.

Our stock for the spring doin's is complete. We can furnish your house or office in better shape and for less money than the small dealers.

We please where others fail

"See Sloan First."

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

# F. G. Lindholm & Co.

SOLE AGENCY

"Gold and Silver" Brand Shirt Waists, Shirts & Collars. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Ask for
Cash Tickets
redeemable in Chinaware,
Or
Red Trading Stamps.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' SCHOOL SHOES.

We are showing exceptionally good values in Boys' and Girls' School Shoes at 98c

The boys' shoes are made of black kidskin, heavy soles, just the thing for school and knock-about; all sizes.

The big and little girls' shoes are of dongola; lace, self or patent leather tips. Comfortable toe shapes. Sizes 8 1-2 to 2.

These splendid school shoes are worth $1.25. Marked at the extraordinary low price of 98c

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

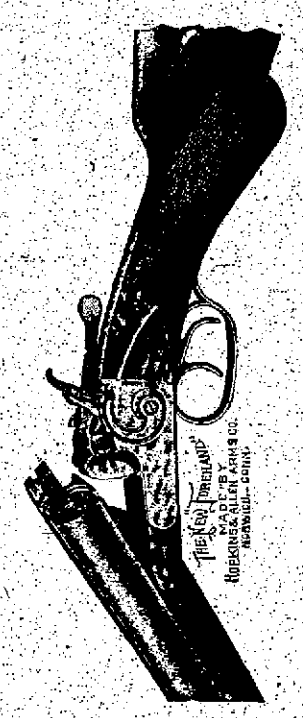


# SHOT GUNS

"Syracuse" Hammerless

"American" Double Barrel

"H & R" Single Barrel




## Hunters' Supplies.

Leggins. All sizes.

Cartridge Vests. All sizes.

Gun Cases and Cartridge Belts

U. M. C. and Winchester Ammunition.

## Redfield's Hardware.



McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 10, 1903.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Base ball to-morrow afternoon, Bolivar vs. Smethport.

—Fry & Herzog have a new ad to-day concerning new autumn goods.

—Don't fail to attend "Side Tracked" at the Lyceum Monday evening.

—Four students of Warner's Business College took good positions last week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John N. Apple, on Monday evening, a daughter.

—Redfield has something of interest to say regarding shot guns in his ad this week.

—L. Rogers is having an addition put on his tenant house occupied by Lawrence Hopper and family.

—Don't fail to attend the exhibition at Kane field to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. Bolivar vs. Smethport.

—Fred Masser stepped on a piece of wire Sunday evening which entered his left foot inflicting quite a painful wound.

—The borough lodging house is enjoying a good patronage of late and the patrons generally pay well at the sunrise settlement.

—J. C. Backus is laying a new floor in a portion of the bowling alley and will soon have an entrance to the room from Main street.

—Next Sunday morning Rev. P. S. Calvin's subject will be, "Stirring the Embers." In the evening he will speak on "The Value of Life."

—The Rev. H. C. Woods, Presiding Elder, will preach next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. The pastor will preach in the morning.

—The strong Bolivar team will play an exhibition game with the home club at Kane field to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock. Don't fail to attend.

—A "Harvest Festival" is to be held at the hose house at 6 p. m. on Wednesday, Sept. 23, in charge of the fourth division of the Travelers' club.

—We had a little sunshine yesterday morning. At least some of the older inhabitants, who claim to know by experience, said it was really the real thing.

—Students of Warner's Business College at Bradford can get a special rate of $7.50 per month from Smethport and board at home. This is a good chance to get a business education.

—An unusual thing happened at Kane field Saturday afternoon while the ball team was practicing. Fuller batted a fly just as a ball was being thrown home and the balls met in mid-air.

—Reserved seats for "Side Tracked," the attraction at the Lyceum next Monday evening, Sept. 14, will be placed on sale at Wells' drug store to-morrow morning.

—Herriman Brothers have completed replastering C. D. Coues' new residence on King street and have done an excellent job. The plastering which had to be removed was done by other parties.

—Mrs. H. C. Wells gave a piano recital at the Lyceum last Saturday afternoon. Fourteen of her scholars participated in the event and all acquitted themselves in a very satisfactory manner.

—"Side Tracked," which will be presented at the Lyceum next Monday evening by one of A. Q. Scammon's celebrated companies, is highly spoken of by the press of cities in which it has exhibited.

—The engagement of Miss Alice Carey Crawford of New York city and Mr. Fred Backer Weisz of El Paso, Texas, has been announced. The groom-to-be is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. U. Weisz of this place and he has many friends in this place who extend congratulations.

—Take in the "Second Annual Tour Around the World," personally conducted by the M. E. S. S. girls, starting from the M. E. Chapel this evening at 8:15 and every 15 minutes after, viewing by moonlight Boston, Tokio, Dublin, Dawson City and New York. Round trip fare, including all expenses, 25c.

—Last Saturday evening Miss Bard entertained her many young friends at a Salamagundi party at the residence of Hon. Henry Hamlin. Before the young people tried their luck at the many games Miss Bard entered the room to the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March announcing her engagement to Dr. J. H. Holland of Washington, D. C.

—Mead's Modern Wonder Workers appeared before a small sized audience at the Lyceum Thursday evening, but at that the audience was much too large for the show. This combination was the poorest that ever visited Smethport and we hope it will forever hold this record. There was not a commendable feature on the whole program. However the Lyceum orchestra rendered some excellent music and was warmly applauded.

—The county bridge over the river at Larabee was impassable Monday. Whoever was responsible for the condition of affairs is certainly deserving of the severe censure poured upon them by people who were obliged to go miles out of their way in order to cross the river. New planks were to be laid on the bridge and the workmen distinguished themselves by tearing up nearly all the old flooring before commencing to lay the new planks. Rain apparently stopped the work and traffic was therefore impossible upon that much traveled highway.

—It is reported that a Canadian woman will make a contest for the much coveted America cup in the yacht races next year. Her name is Mrs. Graham Hunter and she is very wealthy. She took great interest in the races this year and many take her declaration that she will build a boat to make the trial next year seriously. She is a handsome woman and it is reasonable to suppose that we Americans will be too gallant to defeat her.

—In mentioning the Sakolski concert held in Bradford last Thursday evening the Era says: At the conclusion of the concert Miss Agnes McCoy, a talented soprano of Smethport, entertained a number of her friends with several vocal selections, at the church. She possesses a pure soprano voice of wide range and quality and the selections were greatly enjoyed by her auditors. Mr. Harry Brown of Mr. Jewett, accompanied Miss McCoy on the piano.

—The football players in surrounding towns are getting into condition for the season's sport. It is time that Smethport was developing a team. The open style of play demanded by the new rules is supposed to make the plays cleaner from a spectacular point of view and to eliminate much roughness. It remains to be seen to what degree the new method will be successful. At any rate it will cause enough change in the game to call for the invention of many new plays.

—Corning's famous base ball team, "The White Ponies," will close its highly successful season at home, on Tuesday, September 15, with the great Chicago American League as the drawing card. The Chicago Americans are among the world's most famous ball players. Among them is Fielder Jones of Shinglehouse, Pa., who started his ball playing in the Southern Tier circuit and is now one of the highest priced men in baseball circles. Parties of ten or more can secure special rates on any railroad.

—Harry Taylor and Miss Emory, colored lovers of Bradford, created a sensation in that place last Sunday evening. They had a quarrel and Taylor struck his sweetheart, causing her nose to bleed profusely. People who were attracted to the spot by her screams found only a large pool of blood and tracks of blood leading from the place and the report was spread that a murder had been committed. However when the facts had been learned Taylor was only arrested for assault and battery. The lady was not seriously injured.

### The Treating Habit.

Is it not a fact that men really spend in treating, amounts that they would hesitate to give away no matter how deserving the charity? It is a trait of human character that comes through the all-absorbing disposition to "hold your end up" with a friend. Hundreds of men take thousands of drinks that they do not want, and other hundreds pay for thousands that are not desired.

Two men meet and one says: "Mighty glad to see you; let's have something." Neither generally needs or even wants a drink. But the man who offers it wants to show that he is generous. He takes this method of proving that he is glad to meet his friend. The friend that has taken the drink he did not want, to prove that he, too, is a good fellow, insists upon a second round.

The German custom of entering a saloon, taking a drink and paying for it and no others, if adopted in America would prove a blessing. The American custom of treating is decidedly a curse. What we do for friendship's sake costs us many a dollar and many a pang.—Springfield Union.

### The Schools.

The borough schools reopened last Monday morning for a term of nine months. The registration was, in most departments, unusually large, in spite of some misunderstanding as to whether Labor Day was to be observed as a holiday and the prospects for a successful year are especially good.

The teachers are: Principal H. H. Foster, Martha H. Hasbrouck and Carrie A. Day, High School; Mary Campbell, 7th and 8th grades; Emma Tretton, 6th grade; Nellie Masser, 5th grade; Frances Campbell, 4th grade; Eva Flemming, 3d grade; Jennie O'Connell, 3d grade; Stella Hinman and Beatrice Elliott, 1st grade.

The 1st grade, with the exception of the pupils who were in school last year, is divided alphabetically, according to the last names of the pupils.

Due to the illness of Miss Frances Campbell, Mrs. Etta Hogarth is temporarily teaching the 4th grade.

### Chance for Miner Readers.

COUPON

This coupon entitles the holder to one 50c package of Dr. Howards specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia at half-price, 25c. We will refund the money to any dissatisfied purchaser.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia is not an unknown remedy. It has made many remarkable cures right here in Smethport and so positive is Druggist John W. Voorhees of its great superiority in curing dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache and liver troubles that he will in addition to selling it at half price, refund the money to anyone whom it does not cure.

### Buggies Buggies.

We have a couple of second hand buggies, good as new, at a great bargain.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Two good ninstickers are wanted at the Smethport bowling alleys. Good wages will be paid to the right persons.

Furnished Rooms to rent. Inquire at this office.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was in town Monday.

W. W. Brewer of Newton was in town this week.

Dr. and Mrs. John Clark are visiting in Toronto this week.

Miss Maude Davis of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

A. F. Bannon, Jr., of Bradford was attending court this week.

Keron Hanlon of Port Allegany had business in town Monday.

Dr. F. C. Pierce departed Monday for a visit in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Margaret Irvine of Bradford was a visitor in town this week.

Miss Nevada M. Lehman of Perry, N. Y., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Harriet Fraley of Buffalo passed Sunday in town a guest of friends.

Mrs. W. H. Miller and son have returned to their home in New York.

W. H. Hopkins, the popular bottle blower, has returned to Smethport.

Thos. H. Ryan of Kane was greeting his many friends in town this week.

Attorney H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett transacted business in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells departed Tuesday for a visit in Buffalo and Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Higgins of DuBois are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Colegrove.

William Upper returned Saturday evening from a visit to his old home in Canada.

Miss Adeline Learn of Eldred attended the Corwin-Hafner wedding Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Fry are enjoying a vacation in Buffalo, Rochester and Toronto.

Miss Edna Morgatroid of Buffalo was in town the first of the week a guest of her parents.

Mrs. H. Sydney Emery of Utica, N. Y., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. Ebenspacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. McKean visited the Toronto fair for a few days during the past week.

E. H. Pierce of Philadelphia was a guest of his brother, Dr. F. C. Pierce, on Sunday last.

Misses Pearl Green and Ethel Tull are attending Warner's Business College at Bradford.

W. P. Eckels and daughter, Miss Martha, of Kane visited Smethport friends Saturday.

Dr. J. H. Holland of Washington, D. C., was the guest of Miss Charlotte Bard over Sunday.

Miss May Studholme of Toronto, Canada, was a guest of her brother, Ed. Studholme on Saturday.

Wm. O'Reilly arrived home from Yucatan, Mexico, where he has been drilling for oil for the past eighteen months.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster Studholme and Elton Holden of Port Allegany attended the Studholme-Holden wedding yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Herriman and daughter, Mrs. John Livingston, of Oconto, Wis., are visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Sarah A. Woeltzin, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. L. Keenan, returned to her home in Philadelphia Thursday.

Joe Norton of Allegany was on deck Tuesday to umpire the Smethport-Olean game which was called off on account of wet grounds.

Mrs. Todd, Mrs. John Eagan and children, Gale and Margaret, and Miss Margaret Emery, who have been guests of John G. Todd and family, departed Monday for their homes in New Castle.

Mrs. O. H. Barker and Mrs. Bisett returned after a two weeks' trip to Atlantic City, Philadelphia and New York. While in the latter city Mrs. Bisett purchased a fine line of holiday goods for her store.

Rev. J. Heber McCandless visited Coudersport last evening to attend the reception given for Rev. Henry Brownlee Smith, the new rector of Christ church parish of that place, at the residence of James L. Knox.


# Monday Sept. 14

A. Q. Scammon's Co.

In the deliciously droll comedy-drama

# "Side Tracked."

AT THE

## SMETHPORT LYCEUM

One Night Only.

Full of
Mirth and Merriment,
Strong Situations,
Sensational Effects.

Embracing a company of
CLEVER COMEDIANS

presenting the latest songs and dances.

The creators of comedy, and the acknowledged leaders of all.



MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

# FRY & HERZOG

## Autumn Dress Goods and Dress Accessories.

Our Dress Goods section with its wealth of new fall suitings and silks claims your attention this week. In point of colorings fashion has chosen as favorites browns, greens and blues in the order named. Black of course will be as much in evidence as ever. For the smart tailored suit mannish mixtures of Zibelines and Scotch Cheviots will be the leading clothes. In silks, Taffetas easily hold the first position with poplin next in order.

We will count it a privilege to show you through our line and feel sure you will consider the time well spent.

Just a few hints:

42 in. Novelty Suitings, blues and grays. Per yd. 50c

48 in. Egmines, blacks, browns, blues and reds. Per yd. 75c

56 in. Zibeline, black only. Per yd. $1.00

42 in. Knotted Crepe, black only. Per yd. 1.00

58 in. Scotch Suitings, browns, greens, blues & greys. Per yd. 1.50

36 in. Black Taffeta, all silk. Per yd. 1.00

# ARE YOU POST-ED?

Either
Write
Call
or
Get
on the
Wire

We can tell you a lot about
LUMBER,
BUILDING MATERIAL,
HARDWARE,
Ruberoid Roofing or anything that's needed to build with. A large and well assorted stock.

Inquiries
Promptly
Answered.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.



# BIG BARGAINS.

Offered for a few weeks to reduce stock and make room for fall goods. Another object is to raise money and the low prices must do it.

## Diamonds and Watches

have never been sold at such prices and you make a mistake if you miss this opportunity.

## Solid Silver and Jewelry.

Besides all other lines are included in the cut prices. No old stock all new and up-to-date.

Strictly One Price.
Goods delivered out of town.

**Prill,**

7 Main St.,
Opposite Public Square,

Bradford, Pa.



# Hagberg & Sherburne's New Meat Market

is the place where everything is neat and clean, and every branch of the business is run in a first-class manner.

We have bought and completely renovated the Hussey Market on Main street and now we are prepared to supply our customers with the choicest of meats, fish, poultry, etc., at very reasonable prices, and we guarantee every article bought at our market to be the best to be had.

Come and look over our market and stock and we are certain that you will be our customer in the future.

## Hagberg & Sherburne,

SMETHPORT — PENN'A.

# CHIP of THE BLOCK

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

Copyright, 1903, by W. C. McClure

The Southwest limited sped over the flat bottom lands about the Little Otter river.

Low clouds hung in the sky, and occasionally the sharp rattle of raindrops struck the windows of the special car on the rear of the train, where Governor Crawley stood with his hands in his pockets looking out across the monotonous landscape. From a little table at the forward end of the car, where a young, well groomed man sat before a pile of papers, came the staccato click of a typewriter.

The governor's brows were drawn, and he chewed fiercely the unlighted cigar between his teeth. He was hurrying southward to make a speech in a large manufacturing center. It would be the last speech of his present term, and he realized that his re-election depended largely upon it.

All the papers in the state had announced under headlines more or less prominent that Governor Crawley would speak at Fairboro on the evening of Oct. 15 and that it would be a

"THAT'S RIGHT. I FOULED HIM AT THE TURN," SAID I.

speech of great political significance in that it would clearly determine the governor's attitude toward the labor problems which had arisen during the past year.

The click of the typewriter ceased; the young man rose from the table and began to arrange the sheets before him. Crawley strode up the car and stood looking over his shoulder. His face relaxed into a grim smile as he laid a hand lightly on the younger man's arm.

"Well, Tom," he said, "what do you think of it now it's done?"

Tom Ashley had not been private secretary to the governor for the past two years without gaining some insight into his superior's character. He knew well enough the effect his words would have. Nevertheless he said them.

"I think," said he, "you have composed your political death warrant."

Instantly the governor's face hardened. "At any rate," he said without turning his eyes from the window, "I have been honest in this one. I haven't tried to blind them with smooth words nor to cheat them with pretty turns of the language. This second speech is fair and square. The other isn't."

Ashley squared his shoulders. "This one is all you say of it," said he, "but the other deserves more of you than you admit. You say quite as much in the first one, but you say it more guardedly. If any one gets false ideas from it it is not your fault. Your own intentions and what people make of them will always differ. Don't misunderstand me as meddlesome if I say that it seems to me your consideration of the claims your party has on you will influence you to use the first."

"Perhaps you are right," he said at length. "Anyway, we'll keep them both for the present."

There was a rush of brakes and the train began to slow down. Crawley wiped the steam from the window and looked out. Familiar spires and a well known square greeted his eyes.

"We're at Exley, Tom," he said. "Ned joins us here to go down with us. Would you mind stepping out to see if he is at the station?"

A few moments later Ashley returned with a tall, muscular young fellow, who ran to the governor and clasped his hand, with a hearty "Hello, father!"

"There are a lot of fellows from the school up forward," young Crawley explained as the train drew out. "They're going down to hear you speak tonight. I told 'em I'd present 'em to you somewhere between here and there."

"I shall be very glad to meet them," the governor said, "after Tom and I have finished up a little work which will take an hour or so. Tell me, how did the meet with St. John's come out yesterday?"

"Oh," the young fellow's face fell. "We lost."

"Too bad," said the governor. "You got your half mile, I suppose?"

"No, I lost that, too," Ned replied. "Spencer, the St. John's man, is a caution and no doubt. Ran me clean off my feet the second time. That lost for us. We were tied, ten apiece, up to that, and that was the last event."

"The second time," the governor inquired, his brows contracting into a perplexed frown.

"Yes. We ran it twice. First time—well, I'll tell you about it, and I want to ask you what you think of it, though I know pretty well what you'll say. You see, it was a tie and everybody was crazy—our boys yelling at us, and St. John's howling at their men to go in and win. We got off at a pretty stiff pace and kept it up the first lap. Half way round the second lap Spencer had the lead, and I was loping along right at his heels. The others were bunched just behind us. I tried to pass him, and when we were going neck and neck I fouled him ever so little, but enough to swerve him into the board at the edge of the track. His ankle bent, and down he went. I finished first and Oxford, our other man, came in second, and the boys went wild and howled and hugged each other and started to lug Oxford and me off the field on their shoulders. Then Spencer came up crying 'Foul!' but the judges didn't seen it, so they said there was no foul.

"Well, for a minute I couldn't think of anything except we'd downed St. John's. Then all at once I felt queer, and I had to—just had to—slip off their shoulders and go over to the judges. 'That's right. I fouled him at the turn,' said I. The judges talked awhile and then announced we'd run it over, and Spencer ran me clean off my feet that time, and we lost."

"Good boy!" said the governor, almost inaudibly.

"Well," his son went on, "St. John's did all the cheering then, and our fellows were pretty hot; said it was the judges' place to see fouls, and if I'd had any thought for the rest of 'em I'd have kept my mouth shut. I guess it's lost me the captaincy of the track team next year, all right, but anyway I'd rather run fair yesterday than have it.

"When I was going to the lockers after it was all over old Professor Sneed was right behind me with one of the instructors, and I heard him say, 'Chip off the old block! That's his daddy's spunk all over.'

"I'll go up ahead with the fellows. Shall I bring 'em back in an hour? All right. So long, Mr. Ashley."

Some time after the door had closed behind his son the governor rose and went over to Ashley's table.

"Tom," said he, "it's a poor father that can't live up to his son."

He picked up the manuscript of the first speech and laid it on the typewriter.

"Destroy it," he said and turned sharply on his heel.

### Happiness.

We do not know what happiness is. That is one of the reasons we seek it far and wide when it is right at our own door, if we could only remove the bandages from our eyes. Lillian Whiting's is a good definition of happiness: "Happiness is not a possession; it is a state of mind." We seek a material, tangible thing to possess, never learning that it is a quality of mind and heart and soul we must educate ourselves to. We are egotists; we place the highest value upon our lives and look for the world to compensate us upon our own valuation, and with the failure of material achievement we become self pitiers, creatures for whom Carlyle had such sturdy scorn. Asked if she would like to live her life over again, one woman is quoted as saying: "I'd live mine over again, with my nightmare of childhood, for the pleasure I'm getting now in self development, in trying to become a fine woman on a slim foundation. To tell you the truth, I think it would take two good lives to make me amount to much." This woman is happy because in seeking development of character she is receiving more than she expected, consequently life is very full to her, the world yielding its richest harvest, for her sowing is in harmony with nature's law.

### Woman's Ideal Man.

The ideal man as women would make him out to be, if their several tastes were consulted as a recipe would be indeed an impossible he. He would be a creature never seen on land or sea—a monster that only a feminine Frankenstein could create. He would be part Sunday school teacher and part Don Cæsar—beautiful of face and manly of form, yet without vanity; quick with his sword, yet a paragon of mercy to the afflicted; deeply intelligent, yet never preoccupied; with the soul of a poet and the pocketbook of a broker; a good judge of a Welsh rabbit, all not too particular as to cooking; charming of temper, quick to forgive feminine faults; grand of character, yet an adept in drawing room persiflage. Such a man if he existed would have to live in a cage to be looked at and photographed, for he would not be companionable to women or to men. He would be a freak, to be seen at a distance and never to be loved, for when we look deep we find that we like people more for their faults than their virtues.—Kate Masterson in Ainslee's.

### When Traveling Was Dangerous.

Hunslow heath, Finchley common and Gadshill, in the neighborhood of London, were celebrated haunts of the highwayman, and the secluded roads of Epping forest, on the route to Cambridge, were often the scenes of plunder in broad daylight. These desperate robbers at last became so dangerous and the peril of their attacks so serious to travelers of all kinds, as well as to the postmen, that the government passed a law making highway robbery an offense punishable by the death of the criminal and the confiscation of all his property. But robberies still occurred.

In 1783 mail coaches protected by armed guards took the place of postboys. The coaches carried passengers also, and as these generally carried arms, the mails were better protected, but still daring and oftentimes successful attacks were made upon them.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

## DANGER IN THE HIGH DIVE.

### Deafness a Frequent Injury to Those Not Initiated.

"Except for those who have an especial aptitude for it—and they are few—high diving is a dangerous pastime to indulge in," said a diving expert the other day. "A good diver may occasionally lose his balance, but, being generally cool headed, he can regain it, or at any rate sufficiently so as to prevent injury to himself.

"In the majority of cases deafness is the most frequent injury inflicted by diving. The cause of this is that few find it easy to drop the head sufficiently to get it well between the arms. The result is they receive some tremendous blows on the head, and if the water is struck a bit sideways the ear gets most of the concussion, and the result will frequently be a rupture of the membrane of the tympanum. A good preventive for such an accident is to place in the ears a little medicated wool or cotton dipped in oil.

"Another injury to health caused frequently by diving arises from getting large quantities of water into the lungs. The extent of the harm done in cases of this sort depends on the condition of the water as to its cleanliness. I have often seen boys, for instance, dive into water at places where it was absolutely filthy from the evacuation of drainage into it. The danger to health, especially to those with not overstrong constitutions, can readily be seen.

"The higher the dive the longer, of course, will be the duration under water. Now, an inexperienced diver is rarely able to hold his breath under water for more than a second or two at a time, and if the dive is an unusually high one he will in nine cases out of ten give up the struggle in trying to retain his breath and invariably, too, just before his head reaches the surface. The result not infrequently is that the water that has escaped into his lungs and stomach is far more than is good for him, and to many it is positively injurious.

"The best thing I know of to bring one quickly to the surface in high diving is to have a piece of cork fastened under each armpit. Corks weighing four ounces each are sufficiently strong in buoyancy for a man of 150 pounds in weight. There are many devices by which the corks can be kept secured under the armpits. Perhaps the simplest is to sew each cork into a tight fitting canvas or cotton bag and then again sew each bag on to the bathing suit by a couple of strands, allowing the strands to run over the shoulders.

"Those with weak hearts," the expert added, "cannot be too strongly advised against high diving. The spring, the rush through space, the break and the entering and clearing of the water are altogether too exciting for weak hearts, and especially so in cold weather."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### A Miser's Last Wish.

A Greek died in the small town of Caracol, having always lived on the alms of his compatriots. Before dying he made his wife swear that she would bury him in the dirty old overcoat which he wore every day. The poor woman had to ask the Greeks of Caracol to help her to provide the costs of the funeral. A good hearted Greek went to see her in her affliction and, pointing to the body, said he would give her a better coat to bury the man in. Then she told him of the dead man's last wish. The Greek, whose suspicions were awakened, told her that she should certainly not part with the body before she had well examined the coat, for there must be some particular reason for the request. The widow unpicked the lining of the overcoat and found 85,000 francs in bank notes which the miser wished to take into the grave with him.

### The General's Nose.

Like Cyrano de Bergerac, General B. of the regular army was possessed of a nose which excited curiosity, if not comment, wherever he appeared. At one of the hops given at the post the dancers wore fancy dress and masks. The general's partner chanced to be a vivacious young thing who had never met him before. Nor was she any the wiser as to his identity when, following the custom at mask balls, he removed the covering from his face. His partner followed suit, and her prattle ceased for awhile. Then she remarked, reproachfully: "Oh, but it isn't fair! You haven't taken off your nose!"—New York Herald.

### The Ruling Passion.

The prospective heirs of the dying miser come silently into his sick room. The physician is seated by the side of the patient, a finger on his pulse.

"How is our dear uncle today, doctor?" ask the prospective heirs.

"There is small change in his condition," whispers the doctor.

The dying miser rouses himself by a supreme effort. "Small change?" he gasps. "Put it in my pocket!"—Judge.

### On the Sabbath.

In Scotland once a drunken man met a clergyman chasing his runaway dog on Sunday. "Tammas," said the breathless clergyman, "I am sorry to see you in this condition, but whistle for my dog. He is running away." Tammas regarded the speaker with gravity and said: "Whustle? I may drink whisky, but I'll no whustle for ony dog on the Lord's day."

### His Souvenir.

"Bring any souvenirs back from your trip?"

"One only, but it cost a lot."

"What was it?"

"Empty pocketbook."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Some people talk as if they thought everything that dropped from their lips was a "bon mot."—Atchison Globe.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

### How Planets Are Weighed.

The planets exercise as certain an influence upon each other as do two pieces of wood floating upon water in a basin. As they fly through their prescribed orbits and approach or travel from each other they are observed to deviate from the course which they must have pursued but for the increase or the decrease of some influence of attraction.

By making observations of this tendency at various times and by comparing a number of results it is possible to weigh accurately any planet, however vast and however distant.

All such calculations are founded upon the law of universal gravitation. The mass of a planet attracts other masses in the solar system, so that certain movements result. We can observe the character of these movements with our telescopes and ascertain their amount, and so from our measurements and estimates we can calculate the mass and weight of the planet by which such movements have been produced.

### When a Capuchin Dies.

Death in the eyes of the Capuchin monks is chiefly a terrible reminder of the vanities of the flesh. Their cemetery in Rome is a cellar whose walls and ceiling are covered with the bones of their predecessors. Skulls, ribs, thigh bones and knuckles are arranged in grotesque designs, and even the chandelier is constructed of parts of skeletons.

When a Capuchin dies he is buried in loose dirt without a coffin. As there is room for only forty bodies in this earth, which was brought from the Holy Land, the body that has lain in it longest is dug up, the skeleton is cleaned, garmented in monkish garb and placed in a niche. To make room the oldest skeleton in a niche is dismembered, and its various bones are added to complete some wall design.

### The Unsophisticated Moujik.

"The Russian moujik," says a man who has seen life in the land of the czar, "is a naive fellow. He is something like a boy and something like an Irishman. He is, as a rule, very simple, very kind.

"A typical moujik entered one day a railroad station. He approached the agent and asked when a certain train would leave for a certain place. The agent told him distinctly, and, seeming satisfied, he departed. But a moment later he was back again, and again he asked the agent the same question.

"'Why,' the agent exclaimed, 'I told you that only a minute ago!'

"'You did, truly,' the moujik answered. 'But it isn't myself that wants to know this time. It's my mate outside.'"

### French Decorations.

The popular impression is that the Legion of Honor is the only French decoration, but that is not at all the case. France possesses orders quite as ancient as those of most countries, though the oldest of them, St. Esprit, St. Michel, St. Louis and St. Hubert, dating from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, are no longer conferred. Since the Legion of Honor, which was founded in 1802 by the first consul and modified by statute in 1816 and 1852, there have been established no fewer than seven decorations. The Legion is the only honor that can be bestowed on foreigners.

### Courting Under Difficulties.

Engaged lovers in the Canary islands find it difficult to exchange sweet confidences, as the young man is not allowed to visit his fiancée in her home. He goes to her house and, finding her at the window, must talk to her from the street. Sometimes her window is perhaps ten or twelve feet above the road. Therefore he must talk loudly, and very often members of the girl's family are unseen listeners.

### How He Got Out.

"No," said Woodby, "I don't see Wiseman at all any more. He has dropped out of our social set."

"He tells a different story," remarked Simlekson.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he claims he has climbed out."—Catholic Standard.

### Her Course Laugh.

George—You do not call on Miss Rosebud now?

Jack—No. I got disgusted. She has such a course laugh.

George—I never noticed that.

Jack—You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her.

### The Cat Didn't Show It.

"Yes," Mrs. Stuyvthorne told Mrs. Gotback, "your husband took awful good care of the cat while you were away, and he had lots of help too. Almost every night I heard them calling, 'Fatten up the kitty.'"

### A Sobriety Test.

Orderly Officer—Why don't you confine that man, corporal? Can't you see he's drunk?

"No, sir; 'e ain't drunk. Why I seed 'e 'and move."—Sporting Times.

### Queer Faces.

"Oh, my friends," exclaimed the orator, "it makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with."

### He Needed Something.

"You need a rest."

"But I haven't done any work for years, doctor."

"Then you need a change."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It's a wise man who knows when the past is past.

If you would fear nothing think that all things are to be feared.—Seneca.

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### Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secty of Internal Affairs—T. H. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. E. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Welsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Breed.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hasberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer, W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Reddick, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, B. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, O. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. S. —ecker.
Inspectors of Election—C. B. Burlingame, F. P. Freeman.

### Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 386, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. EMERSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. RUPLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. MILLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
SAMUEL GREEN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Charter No. 155, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS. L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

### Churches

*Methodist Episcopal*—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 p. m. Junior League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

*Episcopal*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

*All Saint's Memorial Chapel*—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

*St. Elizabeth Catholic Church*.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

*First Baptist Church*.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

*Colegrove*.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

*Clermont Church*.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

*TRAVELER'S GUIDE.*

# Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 24, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 8:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 8:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 9:32 p.m., New York 12:01 p. m., Baltimore 7:20 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:03 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:05 a. m., New York 10:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:10 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, (11:33 a. m. Sundays); Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

8:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:20 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

5:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Week Days.

| NORTH | STATIONS | SOUTH |
|---|---|---|
| A. M. Lv. | | Ar. P. M. |
| 9 35 | Ridgway | 12 01 |
| 9 50 | Johnsonburg | 11 40 |
| 10 17 | Glen Hazel | 11 23 |
| 10 16 | Straight | 11 18 |
| 10 20 | Instanter | 11 15 |
| 10 26 | Smith's Run | 11 09 |
| 10 34 | Woodvale | 11 02 |
| 10 40 | Clermont | 11 00 |
| A. M. | | A. M. |

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:52 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

# Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton, Curry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane, intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 3:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address E. J. Cummins, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

# The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 19. Passenger Train Schedule.

Effective May 24, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

| p.m. | p.m. | a.m. | | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 8:10 | 10:40 | Lv. Mt. Jewett Ar. | 8:00 | 12:10 | |
| 5:07 | 8:28 | | Pt. Pleasant | 7:39 | 11:48 | 6:00 |
| 5:10 | 8:31 | | Huselhurst | 7:36 | 11:45 | 5:57 |
| 5:19 | 8:37 | | Marvindale | 7:29 | 11:38 | 5:49 |
| 5:21 | 8:40 | | Easton | 7:25 | 11:34 | 5:46 |
| 5:26 | 8:47 | | Corner | 7:18 | 11:27 | 5:39 |
| 5:34 | 8:55 | | Smethport | 7:10 | 11:19 | 5:30 |
| | | | | p.m. | | |
| 6:51 | 1:25 | 9:14 | Smethport | 7:20 | 11:30 | 3:35 |
| 6:56 | 1:37 | 9:26 | Mull'n | 7:09 | 11:08 | 3:24 |
| 6:01 | 1:38 | 9:27 | Farmers Valley | 7:08 | 11:07 | 3:23 |
| 6:14 | 1:46 | 9:34 | Cyprville | 7:00 | 11:00 | 3:16 |
| 6:20 | 2:50 | 9:40 | Larabee | 6:55 | 10:55 | 3:10 |

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt.
O. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

# C OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

| Ar. Eastward | | | STATIONS. | Lv Westward | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Ar. Dp | A.M. | P.M. | A.M. |
| 8.05 | 7.05 | 2.10 | Ulysses | 7.20 | 2.25 | 9.10 |
| 7.50 | 6.53 | 2.10 | Crowell | 7.27 | 2.32 | 9.19 |
| 7.46 | 0 | 1.57 | Carpenter | 0 | 2.34 | 9.22 |
| 7.40 | 6.48 | 1.53 | Perkins | 7.32 | 2.37 | 9.26 |
| 7.37 | 6.45 | 1.50 | New Bd June | 7.37 | 2.42 | 9.32 |
| 0 | 0 | 1.45 | Newfield | 7.42 | 2.46 | 0 |
| 7.25 | 6.36 | 1.42 | Gold | 7.44 | 2.49 | 9.40 |
| 7.20 | 6.30 | 1.35 | Raymond | 7.50 | 2.45 | 9.47 |
| 6.45 | 6.21 | 1.24 | Seven Bdg's | 8.01 | 3.06 | 10.02 |
| 6.40 | 6.17 | 1.20 | Colesburg | 8.04 | 3.09 | 10.10 |
| 6.25 | 6.10 | 1.12 | Frinks | 8.12 | 3.17 | 10.20 |
| 6.15 | 0 | 1.05 | N. Couds'pt | 0 | 3.26 | 10.35 |
| 6.10 | 6.00 | 1.00 | Dp. Ar | 8.25 | 3.30 | 10.45 |
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Coudersport | | | P.M. |
| 4.20 | 7.45 | 12.15 | Ar. Dp. | 8.28 | 6.00 | 1.20 |
| 0 | 0 | 12.13 | Hammond | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 4.05 | 7.38 | 12.09 | Olmsted | 8.33 | 6.05 | 1.31 |
| 3.59 | 7.35 | 12.05 | Mina | 8.37 | 6.10 | 1.37 |
| 3.45 | 0 | 11.59 | Knowlton | 0 | 6.17 | 0 |
| 3.40 | 7.25 | 11.55 | Roulette | 8.47 | 6.21 | 1.51 |
| 3.30 | 7.16 | 11.47 | Burtville | 8.54 | 6.28 | 2.02 |
| 3.23 | 0 | 11.41 | Coleman | 0 | 6.34 | 0 |
| 3.20 | 0 | 0 | Chem. Wrks | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 3.15 | 7.05 | 11.36 | Pt. Allegany | 9.08 | 6.40 | 2.25 |
| P.M. | P.M. | A.M. | Dp. Ar | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. |

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCLURE, Supt.

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# A MUSICAL NATION

By RAYMOND RAYNE

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Among the many unpleasant tasks which fall to the lot of a concert agent not the least difficult is to decline the tempting offers of certain virtuosi without hurting their very sensitive feelings.

When M. Ignace Trepanowski wrote to me from Posand in this sense, my first impulse was to indite a very firm refusal. Reading his letter a second time, however, I gathered from the mixture of English and what appeared to be Volapük, in which his intentions were conveyed, that he was following on its heels with such truly artistic importunity that no reply would possibly reach him in time to prevent his departure.

All his qualifications were duly set forth, of course; his hair (he inclosed a photograph) and his names were unexceptional; the rest I did not go into. It was quite out of the question for me to run any pianoforte virtuoso on my own account, unless indeed it had been the Paderewski himself.

On the morning of the 11th I received a telegram couched in these terms: "Locomotive twelve hours permit that one encounters me to the station Trepanowski." On solving this—he had evidently got it word by word from a dictionary—I gathered that the professor was coming by way of Quebec on the 12 o'clock train and wanted to be met at the station.

I went down myself and saw the train in. Pan Ogle was there—a private detective could not have missed him. He stood well over six feet and was broad even for his height. Despite the warmth of a summer's day he wore an immense fur lined overcoat, with collar and cuffs of sable.

He spoke English rather worse than he wrote it, but fortunately understood fairly well what was said to him. He was full of questions about the series of concerts which he supposed I had already arranged for him. I avoided giving any definite reply to these until I could until we reached the house.

During luncheon I was saved any trouble by the artist's appetite, which was well sustained and did credit to my housekeeping. We retired to the music room, and I got Pan Ogle behind a big cigar before breaking to him that I had not yet arranged any concerts. I told him that many most deserving foreign artists spent their first decade in New York in playing for nothing at the functions of wealthy patrons of the art and in giving their services at charity concerts; or, in fact, wherever two or three could be gathered together to hear them. I said that was a popular error into which all Europe seemed to have fallen. I told him we were the most musical nation in the world. I sank my voice to a confidential whisper. I said, "The real reason we cannot get audiences is that for some time past listeners have been to a man (or a woman) better performers than those on the platform."

Pan Ogle looked incredulous. It was time to lead trumps. I said, "I will wager anything you like that the first tradesman who calls at this house this afternoon will play you any one of Beethoven's sonatas you choose to name."

Pan Ogle laughed aloud.

"You make what you call ze fun, is it not?" he asked.

"I was never more serious in my life," I replied. I rang the bell, and the servant entered.

"Parkin," I said, "ask the first tradesman who calls to step up here."

"Mr. Blunt, the pork butcher, is downstairs now, sir," said Parkin.

"Well, ask him to spare me a moment or two."

"Yes, sir," replied the impassive Parkin and disappeared.

The door opened, and Mr. Blunt walked in. He was in his shirt sleeves and had on the blue apron which seems inseparable from the vending of pork.

"What can I do for you today, sir?" he said. "I have just started a new line of sausages which I can thoroughly recommend. I call them the Diminuendo brand merely for distinction. They taper toward one end, you see."

I suppressed a smile.

"It was not in connection with your —er—profession that I wanted to see you, Mr. Blunt. Do you play the piano?"

"Well, I do, sir, or, rather, I did. In fact, I very much wanted to go in for the music when I left school, but my father would not hear of it. He said there was no money in it. 'The music business is played out,' he would say. 'There are too many at it. But the art of making sausages will always provide a competency for the few.'"

"Quite true, Mr. Blunt," I assented. "Now, the professor and I are at issue as to the tempo of a movement in one of Beethoven's sonatas, and I should be greatly obliged if you would play it to us. It is the first movement of opus 3."

The pork butcher sat down deferentially on the piano stool, presenting a singularly unmusical spectacle.

"I have not had any practice for months; still to oblige a customer," and he struck the commanding phrase which begins the introduction.

Before he had played many bars the pork butcher had disappeared and the artist was revealed. The colossal phrases of Beethoven's first sonata were given out with a certainty, a restrained force, a nobility of tone, an all compelling rhythm, which took the listener by the throat.

Pan Ogle Trepanowski leaned forward in his chair and gasped for breath. When the last chord had died away there was a hushed pause. Then the professor burst forth into a torrent of polyglot superlatives. He embraced the reluctant pork butcher. He demanded of me why such a player did not devote himself to the career of a virtuoso. I assured him that Mr. Blunt was a fair specimen of the public to whom artists had to appeal in America.

"I don't know whether you are aware of it," said Blunt, speaking to me, "but your two servants are capital hands at the violin and cello. They come around to my house for a trio sometimes when they get a Sunday off."

I rang the bell, and Parkin again appeared.

"Mr. Blunt tells me you play the violin, Parkin," I said. "Please ask William to bring his cello and let us hear a trio."

"Yes, sir," answered Parkin, as placidly as if I had ordered whisky and soda.

He returned almost immediately, bringing his violin. William followed him. Apparently disturbed in the act of blacking boots, his hands and arms bore unmistakable signs of his employment, this evidence being worked out by a large black smear down one side of his nose. He carried his violoncello in one hand and his bow in the other.

"You did not tell me you played the cello," I said to William. "I want you to show this gentleman how three Americans can play this trio of Sinetana. Do you think you can manage it?"

I handed him the music which I had taken from the bookcase. He laid down his bow and rubbed his hand on his trousers before turning over the leaves with a gingerly thumb and forefinger.

"It looks rather stiff, but I'll have a go at it, sir."

The technical difficulties of this romantic work of Smetana are extreme, even when they are familiar, but to render the composition at sight with the freedom and abandon which it demands might fairly be deemed impossible. Nevertheless on this occasion the astounded professor heard a performance wherein the complete mastery of the several instruments was surpassed by the unanimity and poetry of the rendering.

Trepanowski declared he had never heard such an ensemble. His admiration was so frank and genuine that I began to have scruples of conscience. It was too late to go back, however. I pressed him to play. He declined politely, but firmly.

I dismissed the performers with thanks for the exercise of their skill, the professor adding many compliments both intelligible and otherwise.

When we found ourselves alone Trepanowski remained silent.

"It is merveilleux!" he ejaculated at length. "What then are your public artists like?"

"You have heard D'Engen?" I inquired in turn.

"Ja, ja. He is magnifique!"

"Well, he left America. Why did he leave England? You shall answer the question for yourself."

He gave another shrug.

"I shall think; I shall write to you; one thousand time thanks."

I insisted on seeing him to the station. On the way he was wrapped in a gloomy silence. Only when we arrived on the platform did he recover a little. A harsh voiced porter was calling out the various stopping places of the incoming train. The professor touched him on the shoulder.

"My friend, what instrument do you play?" he asked sadly.

The porter looked at him in surprise.

"Chicago express," he said from sheer habit and passed on.

I parted from the professor with mingled feelings. I had begun to like him. When I returned home I found my three friends, H— S. F— H—, and T— W— (an intelligent public will fill the blanks), engaged on a Beethoven trio.

I heard from Trepanowski in due time, but his letter was dated from Poland. He had decided not to try his fortune in America.

### Ideals of Beauty.

Famous men and famous judges of beauty have differed very greatly in their idea of what constitutes it.

Byron liked glossy hair clustering around a white, smooth brow; delicately arched eyebrows and glowing cheeks frequently suffused with blushes.

Spenser very explicitly described his style of comeliness. It consisted in "eyes like sapphires, teeth like pearls, a forehead like ivory, hair like gold and hands of silvery whiteness."

Shakespeare's beauties always possessed a very white and alabasterlike skin.

Scott's heroines were generally soft eyed and pensive, with sweeping eyelashes and high, intellectual foreheads.

Ben Jonson preferred a face characterized by simplicity of expression, flowing hair and "a sweet neglect."

Cowper placed very high value on cheeks of damask.

### Applied Dictionarylitis.

Mrs. Mixitt, whose husband recently achieved wealth, and as a result bought 200 feet of books for his library, found much to interest her in the volumes. Especially was she taken with the dictionary, the study of which she found to be a great help to her in conversing with the cultured people whom she met at different places.

Some friends called one evening to bid the Mixitts farewell before the latter left for their European tour.

"Now," said one of the friends, "when you go to climb those mountains you be sure that you have a good guide."

"We will," said Mrs. Mixitt. "I wrote to the landlords of all the hotels where we will stop and told them to retain us the services of their best pathologists."—Judge.

## THE LEONINE DUMAS.

### How His Worshipers Adored Their Literary Idol.

One evening in the beginning of June I was taken to the residence of Dumas, on the Boulevard Malesherbes, by an intimate friend of the great novelist. As one thinks of a lion, with his shaggy mane full of the jungle burs of adventure, so I can see the author of "Monte-Christo" as he appeared on that memorable evening. Standing about were women friends, actresses, writers, poets, attracted by a world of romance symbolized in the figure seated in the middle of the salon. I was instantly impressed with two things—the frescoes on the walls and the attitude of the host. He sat like a silent oracle surrounded by a crowd of female admirers, the whole company set off by panels representing life sized figures from Goethe's great drama—Faust, Mephistopheles, Marguerite. There were no other pictures in the room. The influence of these figures, the attitude of Dumas and his worshipers, concentrated the mind on the quintessential element of romance. Half indifferent in all, as some handsome young woman would stroke his head, while another would place her hand on his shoulder, as they might have done with an old lion long tamed and without teeth. There was nothing to distract the mind from the harmony of idea and personality—the coquetry of women might have been part of the frescoes and Dumas the creator of "Faust" instead of "Monte-Christo." There was an enchanted element about the people and the room.

The whole company conversed among themselves, standing as if they were at court, while the host sat still and mused. I was held by the mystery, the fascination of the romantic atmosphere, the peculiar spell of the huge mass that filled the fauteuil like an idol of adamant. For there was something of the idol about the man. I thought of a Buddhist statue in a sitting posture, corpulent at the base, crisp at the top. The lower part of the face was of porcine dimensions, the skin swarthy, the hair curly, the expression of the eyes calm and sphinxlike. He was a man who not only had invented life, but had seen it.—Critic.

## DEER LACK STAMINA.

### The Wild and Fleet Footed Animals Are Soon Fagged Out.

"It seems to be the opinion of a great many people that deer and antelope are at the top notch among animals as far as speed is concerned," said a Dakota ranchman. "I have often heard the expression 'as swift as an antelope' and 'he can run like a deer,' but the fact is any good horse can run over Mr. Deer or Mr. Antelope within a mile on level or nearly level ground.

"I will guarantee to take any first class cow pony and run down any deer that ever lived inside of two miles, provided the ground be level and the deer has no more than twenty-five or thirty yards start. I often have seen cowboys run down and rope a deer within half a mile. This, of course, can only be done when you are riding up the wind and surprise a bunch of deer or antelope feeding or lying down in a depression where they do not see or scent you till you are almost on them. Over a rough or hilly country your horse wouldn't be in it with a deer.

"The action of a deer under full speed reminds me of nothing so much as a seashell sent ricochetting over the surface of smooth water. They don't gallop; they simply bound, and that is where they lose speed over level ground. But I have seen deer bound straight up the side of a mountain and go fully as fast as if on the level, and no living animal can catch them at the uphill game.

"Deer have tremendous vitality. I have never seen one drop instantly when shot. They will make a jump or two even when shot through the heart.

"Your true deer hunter will never shoot a deer running from him, as the bullet will invariably spoil the hams and hind quarters. Most of the western deer hunters can turn a deer when he is running full speed from him with a shrill whistle. The deer almost always will turn to see what that sound means, only for a fraction of a second, perhaps, but that is the hunter's opportunity, and Mr. Deer generally gets it in the neck about that time."—New York Press.

### Effect of Music on Animals.

At the zoo the zebra, wild ass, deer and ostrich went into paroxysms of rage at the sound of the piccolo, although they had manifested various signs of pleasure over the violin and flute. The tiger was asleep and refused to be awakened by the fiddler and flutist. But when the man with the piccolo began to play the animal sprang furiously to its feet and rushed angrily up and down the cage, lashing its tail. So extreme was the beast's anguish that the piccolo man speedily gave place to the flutist. The difference in effect was at once apparent. The tiger stopped, listened, lay down and purred like a kitten in its enjoyment of the grateful sounds, and presently fell asleep in luxurious repose.—London Spectator.

### Not to Be Ranked.

Mrs. Bangs—So that pretty widow is really married so soon again, eh?

Old Bangs—You bet!

Mrs. Bangs—But her late husband's will expressly stipulated that if she took a second husband her legacy was to revert to his most distant relative.

Old Bangs—That's where she was foxy. She hunted up the relative and married him.—Smart Set.

One of the duties of life is to make those with whom you associate happy, and in striving to do this you will also make yourself happy.—Maxwell's Talisman.

# ON THE TRAIL OF A VALENTINE

By LESTER GRAY

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Peace and harmony had descended upon the Briarton district school. Not a single braid was surreptitiously tweaked, nor did the usual feminine titter greet each masculine failure at the board. The reason was not far to seek. It was the work of the little blind god aided by natural vanity and the desire of excelling. It was St. Valentine's day.

Many an anxious eye was turned toward the canvas mail bag hanging before the teacher's desk. As yet it guarded its secrets jealously, but at the close of the afternoon session it would be opened and its contents distributed. The heads bent so studiously over books were filled with fancies forever garnered from their dull pages.

At recess the girls walked in twos and threes, with mysterious whisperings and shy glances. The boys gathered in an awkward group in the vain effort to affect the usual interest in skating and the respective merits of each polished. Carson's heart hovered above them all. The largest and oldest boy in school, he felt that it behooved him to put aside childish triflings and take up the dignity of manhood. In this spirit he had declared that valentines were "plumb foolishness" and that he, for one, should not send any.

But the boys greeted his remarks with derision. It was all very well for him to talk, but every one in school would send valentines, and every one would get them except perhaps Mely Anderson.

Jack glanced over at the window. Yes; there was the forlorn little figure looking out wistfully. Mely never came out with the others, for she was practically friendless. It was not because she was homely, though the boys made many a sly gibe at her red hair and pale cheeks. But she was a stranger, who in the first shock of orphandom had come to live with her grandmother. In her grief and shyness she had withdrawn from the first advances, and Briarton, pinned to being snubbed, had thenceforth left her strictly alone.

As the bell rang and they filed back into the classroom Jack again glanced at Mely. She was looking at the mail bag, and there was unusual color in her cheek. An unpleasant thought seized him. Everybody thought that they would get a valentine. Did Mely think so?

Jack was tender hearted. Many a battle had he fought to release some tortured kitten or unhappy bird. He was afraid to see the misery in Mely's face when she alone was unremembered. By the time the bell had rung for noontime his mind was made up.

It was on the stroke of 3 when the teacher stood up and drew the first valentine from the bag. "Carol Roberts, Helen Wilkinson, Tom Brown," rapidly she read the names, and the recipients, blushing or sheepish, came up to claim their own. Jack Carson had quite a pile, but he still looked anxiously at the bag.

At length teacher held in her hand a box of generous size. "Miss Amelia Anderson," she read slowly.

Mely rose mechanically and walked up to the desk. When she reached her seat again the fingers which opened the precious package trembled violently. The lifted lid disclosed the prize valentine, which had reposed in admired state in the drug store window for the last week. There was a general murmur of surprise.

Mely glanced about wildly. Her blue eyes, shining with joyful tears, encountered a pair of brown ones which sought to evade them. Jack blushed up to his ears. There were unspoken question and answer before Mely sank back in her seat with a little sigh of satisfaction. She knew, but somehow Jack did not mind her knowing.

Yet he had a boy's distaste of "scenes" and so lingered behind the others with the ostensible purpose of helping teacher. But when he came out into the half light of the entry a little figure was waiting for him. Gratitude had overcome Mely's shyness. She stepped forward resolutely. It was Jack who faltered and backed away from the outstretched hands.

"I want to thank you," she said breathlessly, "though the words don't half tell what I feel. I know why you did it. You are a kind, good boy, and I will never forget it."

Jack gazed down into her shining eyes. Why had he never before noticed how blue they were? "I did it because I wanted to, Mely," he said gently. "I was glad to do it." An unusual emotion held him spellbound till teacher's steps on the stair filled him with the horror of discovery and sent him hurrying out into the frosty air.

That was the last St. Valentine's day for Mely in the Briarton school. In the spring her grandmother died, and she went to live with an uncle "in the city," as folks vaguely said. And if was the last for Jack too. He left school and bent all his energies to the farm and the happiness of his widowed mother.

He stamped into the Briarton post office one afternoon in expectation of nothing more exciting than a pile of summer seed catalogues. When the postmaster handed him out a package addressed in a feminine hand he gave a low whistle of surprise. One of the bystanders ventured the surmise that it must be a valentine.

Jack laughed as he said easily: "I guess not. I'm not enough of a ladies' man to receive valentines. But tomorrow is Valentine's day, after all. I had forgotten all about it."

Something seemed to keep him from opening the package under the eyes of the curious. It was not till he was well out of town that he cut the string and gingerly lifted out a card embla zoned with a wreath of forgetmenots. There was a pretty little verse, and he read it through wonderingly. But when he reached the end he gave a sudden ejaculation. There was a name signed, "Mely Anderson."

His heart beat strangely as he looked down at the wreath of forgetmenots. In their place he seemed to see a pair of blue eyes. Suddenly he realized the cause of his indifference to the Briarton girls. It was Mely.

Mely! He would find her, and then—

But he did not even know her address. The package bore the postmark of the nearest city. That was all. But he could not fail. He must find her.

The next afternoon found Jack Carson hopelessly walking the city streets. He still seemed the hero of the passersby, but the first enthusiasm of his search was gone. He had come in on the earliest train, and had made straight for the nearest directory. In vain; it did not hold the name of Amelia Anderson. Inquiry in many quarters had also failed.

And now he was undecided. Should he go home and leave the matter in the hands of some detective agency or should he stay and keep up the search in person? He was passing one of the great department stores. One window was gay with valentines of every size and shape. He sighed as he looked. Mely might have liked one of these. In his gloom even the thought of her brought a lifting of the clouds. He would buy a valentine and send it to her, care of the general post office delivery. Perhaps it might find her.

It took but a minute to find the counter and he was fingering a dainty creation of painted satin and lace when a soft voice asked, "Can I wait on you?"

Jack started and looked down into a pair of blue eyes. It was Mely.

He stared dumfounded. It was Mely and yet not Mely. The singular figure had rounded out, and a neat well fitted dress of black revealed every curve of grace and beauty. Her red hair was a glory, piled up on the top of her small head. A touch lacked in the corner of her rose lips. Only the eyes were unchanged. They met his full of gratitude.

In their depths he found courage. "Mely," he cried rapturously, "I've been hunting for you all day till I was just about discouraged. I wanted," he hesitated, "to thank you for the valentine."

The girl's cheeks flamed. "I—I was transferred to this counter the other day, and the sight of all these pretty things made me remember that day in the Briarton schoolhouse. Not that I have ever forgotten it," she added hastily, while her blush grew deeper, "but it made me want to send you a valentine just to show you I hadn't forgotten. So I sent it, and you got it," she finished breathlessly.

He had quite forgotten the probable presence of other shoppers. Fortunately it was late in the day, and the valentine counter was deserted.

"And so I got it," she repeated tenderly. "That's why I came to—to ask you to go back to Briarton with me. I love you, Mely. I've been loving you ever since that day, only I've been too stupid to know it. Can't you find it in your heart to love me a little? The home is all ready, and mother is waiting."

The girl caught her breath sharply. "It's so long since I've had a mother or a home," she whispered. And as Jack looked down into her blue eyes he knew that the battle was won.

### Uncle Josh's Query.

"I occasionally get hold of a queer passenger," said a conductor on one of the suburban lines the other day. "But I had always managed to hold my own until a week ago. Then a regular Uncle Josh took my car for the first trolley ride in his life. He sat up in a corner and watched things for a few minutes and then beckoned to me and said:

"'Conductor, you look like a smart young feller.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then tell me what makes this car go.'

"'Electricity, sir.'

"That didn't satisfy him for more than three minutes. I saw a doubtful, puzzled look spread over his face, and presently he beckoned to me again and said:

"'Conductor, I should say you was about as smart as they make 'em.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And I guess you know it all.'

"'About all, sir.'

"'I asked you what made the car go, and you said electricity.'

"'That's correct.'

"'All right. If electricity makes the car go what in tarnation makes electricity go?'

"He had me there," smiled the conductor, "and I went out of business in half a minute, and the grin on the old man's face was something to be remembered for many days."—Detroit Free Press.

### Tragedy of a Glass Eye.

From Odessa comes the story of a tragedy in which a glass eye was a most important factor. Two young people of good position were at the altar to be married. The ceremony had hardly begun when a woman's voice came from the back of the church, crying that the wedding must be stopped, as the bride was blind. The bride fainted and was revived, and the ceremony proceeded. Hardly had the priest given his blessing when the bride fell dead. It seems that the bride's sister was in love with the bridegroom. The bride had a glass eye which she in some mysterious way had concealed from her future husband. Therefore the bad sister went to church to break up the wedding and took the glass eye as a pretext for so doing. As a fitting sequel the bad sister went mad.

## FOUGHT AT SIX PACES.

### Sanguinary Duel That Took Place In London In 1803.

Dueling in England in 1803 was often a very sanguinary business.

On a Friday morning in March of that year a most extraordinary duel took place in Hyde park, London, between Lieutenant W. of the navy and Captain J. of the army. The antagonists arrived at the appointed place within a few minutes of each other. Some dispute arose respecting the distance, which the friends of Lieutenant W. insisted should not exceed six paces, while the seconds of Captain J. urged strongly the rashness of so decisive a distance and insisted on its being extended.

At length the proposal of Lieutenant W.'s friends was agreed to, and the parties fired, per signal, when Lieutenant W. received the shot of his adversary on the guard of his pistol, which tore away the third and fourth fingers of his right hand. The seconds then interfered to no purpose. The sun of Neptune, apparently jealous to faith, wrapped his handkerchief round his hand and swore he had another which never failed him.

Captain J. called his second aside and told him it was in vain to urge a reconciliation.

They again took their ground.

On Lieutenant W. recalling the pistol in his left hand he looked steadfastly at Captain J. for some time, then cast his eyes to heaven and said in a low voice, "Forgive me!"

The parties fired as before, and both fell. Captain J. received the shot through the head and instantly expired. Lieutenant W. received the ball in his left breast and immediately inquired of his friend if Captain J.'s wound was mortal. Being answered in the affirmative, he thanked heaven he had lived thus long, requested a mourning ring on his finger might be given to his sister and that she might be assured it was the happiest moment he ever knew. He had scarcely finished the words when a quantity of blood burst from his wound, and he expired almost without a struggle.—Glasgow Herald.

## GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business; very important point.

Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

### Must Earn His Fee.

Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer.

"Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is anything radically wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink anything stronger than coffee and you'll be all right in a week."

"What! Are you not going to give me any medicine?"

"Certainly not. You don't need it."

"But you get your money just the same."

"Yes. Just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. S'posin' you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and ghimme a dose of salts. Everybody that works for me 's got to earn his salary."—London Tit-Bits.

### He Knew.

"I don't see how a man can be so mean," expostulated Mrs. Cobwigger. "Just because I'm going a few miles out of the city to spend a day or two with an old school friend you rave like a madman about the expense. You know very well, Henry, the railway fare is only 40 cents."

"I know that, my dear," replied Cobwigger, "and I know also that every time you go on one of these little trips you spend at least $25 for the things you say are absolutely necessary to make you presentable."—New York Times.

### A Timid Planker.

"I'll bet a dollar if I should ask you to marry me you'd refuse," ventured Gussie, trying to inject a little more spirit into the conversation.

"My, but you're a cheap one!" responded the girl.

"Y-y-y-why?" stammered Gussie.

"Because you won't bet more than a dollar on a sure thing."—Baltimore American.

### Just Passing.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Tubby?"

"Yes; we have a passing acquaintance."

"Oh, as much as that?"

"Yes. We were at the same card table once. She passed, and so did I."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Remedy.

He—The doctor told Jack that he had been studying too hard lately.

She—And what did he recommend?

He—Oh, he advised him to go into society a little more and give his brain a rest.—Brooklyn Life.

### None Needed.

She—Mamma says I mustn't encourage you at all.

He—That's all right. I don't need any encouragement.—Philadelphia Press.

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## SPORTING FISH.

**The Jacular Is the Sharpshooter of the Finny Tribe.**

Certain fish have been termed "sporting" because they shoot their prey with great precision. The jacular fish of Java is of this sporting tribe.

Several of these fish in the possession of a Javanese chief were placed in a small circular pond, from the center of which rose a pole upward of two feet in height. Beetles were put on top of the pole on sharp pointed pieces of wood. The fish then came out of their holes and swam around the pond. One of them came to the surface of the water and rested there. After fixing his eyes steadily on a beetle it discharged a small quantity of water from its mouth with such force and precision as to knock the beetle off the twig into the water. In an instant the beetle had been swallowed.

After this another fish came up and performed a similar feat, and so the sport continued until they had caught all of the beetles. If a fish failed to bring down its prey the first shot it swam around the pool till it came opposite the quarry and fired again. In one instance a fish returned three times to the attack before it secured its prey, but usually the fish were very expert marksmen, bringing down the beetle at the first shot.

The fish frequent the banks of the rivers in search of food. When it spies a fly on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims to a distance of five or six feet from it and then, with surprising dexterity, ejects from its tubular mouth a single drop of water.—Exchange.

**Animal Accidents.**

Whales, elephants and eagles come at the head of the table of creatures which longest survive the ills to which they are heir, yet a whale has been found dead of a dislocated jaw; an elephant has died of gangrene in one of its feet, set up by a gunshot. In a Scotch deer forest not long ago a stalking party came across a magnificent golden eagle dead, caught in a fox trap. He had been caught by the center claw of one foot and had died of exhaustion in attempting to escape. By his side were two grouse and a partly eaten hare which other eagles had brought to sustain him in his fight for life. If a rat had been caught by his leg in a trap either he or his comrades would have bitten off the imprisoned limb and released him. The poor despised toad is not built to stand physical violence, but he would fatten on the imprisonment. Toads imprisoned in rocks for years—no one knows how many—come to light from time to time fat and well. Unless microbes carried to them through the pores of the imprisoning rock have been their fare it is certain, according to naturalists who ought to know, that they have eaten nothing for an unthinkable period.

**A Man Who Knew Everything.**

Thiers, the French statesman, was a victim of many whimsies. None had stronger hold on him, says Mgr. Gabriel Hanotaux in "Contemporary France," than his desire to get everybody to recognize his universal competency.

Of an applicant for the post of director at the Sevres manufactory Thiers said:

"He is no more made for that part than I for"— and then he stopped.

"Ah, oh! M. Thiers," said his interlocutor, "you find it hard to say what you could not do."

"That's the truth! That's the truth!" cried the statesman gleefully.

One day Thiers said, speaking of a man who had been raised to a high function:

"He is no more suited for that office than I am to be a druggist. And yet," he added, catching himself up, "I do know chemistry!"

**Some Familiar Quotations.**

"Alliteration's artful aid" was spoken of by the little read poet Churchill. "The pink of perfection" was originated by Oliver Goldsmith; so were "Measures, not men," and "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long." Gray, the author of the "Elegy," is responsible for many popular phrases, among them "Full many a gem of purest ray serene," "To waste its sweetness on the desert air," "This pleasing, anxious being," "The paths of glory lead but to the grave" and "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Dr. Johnson gave us "Who lives to please must please to live." He also said, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," in which there is more sound than sense.

**Bibles in Pawn.**

"Not more than three times in the thirty years that I have been in business has a Bible been accepted as collateral for a loan in my establishment," said a pawnbroker whose business is one of the largest of its kind in Philadelphia. "On those few occasions it has been without my sanction, even without my knowledge. It isn't that we don't have many opportunities to advance money on Bibles; it is just that we have an aversion to doing so. Aside from what might be regarded as the sacrilege of such a transaction it always brings bad luck."

**The Facts in the Case.**

Uncle John—Which is right, Willie, "I have had my boots blacked" or "I have had my boots blackened?"

Willie—I guess neither ain't right, Uncle John. You should say, "My boots need blacking."—Boston Transcript.

**Expressive Face.**

He—That bull terrier of yours has a speaking countenance, hasn't he?

She—Do you think so?

He—Yes; it says to me plainly as words could: "Beware of the dog!"—Kansas City Journal.

**Her Nightly Habit.**

The Doctor—Is your wife a good sleeper, Mr. Stubb?

Stubb—Yes, pretty good.

The Doctor—Does she go to sleep as soon as she touches the pillow?

Stubb—Well—er—she goes to sleep as soon as she touches my vest pocket.

**A Tale of Tailless Cats.**

Travelers have noted that in the Bismarck archipelago cats without tails are very numerous. The explanation as given in the World Today is curious. The natives of the islands have a superstitious belief that remnants of food falling into the hands of an enemy enable him to cast a spell over the eaters of the meal at which the remnants were left. Now the natives value their cats less as pets than as a convenient source of fresh meat. It follows that thefts of cats are frequent, or rather were frequent until some genius evolved the happy scheme of cutting off their tails and storing them away in a safe place. "For," said he, "if a thief should steal my cat and eat it, an incantation muttered over its residue will make the miscreant so sick that he will be sorry he ever tasted stolen cat's flesh." It was an idea worthy of the great chancellor himself, and the humble, brown Bismarckian, in pursuing the blood and iron policy which it entailed, was, like him, serenely indifferent to bloodshed, pain and outerwailings so long as he secured his ends or his cats' ends.

**Tree and Plant Leaves.**

The general arrangement of the leaves on limbs and stalks of trees and plants secures between each sufficient space to prevent one leaf from interfering with another. And not only are leaves so arranged as to exist independently of each other, but in a general way they have taken upon themselves the forms best adapted to secure the maximum of sunlight as it is showered upon them in different latitudes. At the equator, where the sun's rays are vertical, we find large flat leaves like those of the banana, plantain and the various species of the cactus.

Farther north, where sunlight strikes at an angle, small leaves and pine "needles" are found. Then again note the peculiarity of the Australian gum tree. Instead of exposing their broad faces to the sun the edges only are so turned. Were it otherwise the sun would rob them of all their moisture, it being a well known fact that the gum tree grows in the driest region on earth.

**The Bald Dr. Smith.**

While Dr. Theobald Smith was a lecturer on bacteriology in the medical department of the Columbian university a boy came to him with a message from a relative who was visiting in Washington. When the boy saw the doctor he put the note back in his pocket, saying: "It's another Dr. Smith the note is for."

"Let me see the name on the envelope," said the doctor curiously. "That is my name. The note is for me."

"But I was told," replied the boy, "to give it to the bald Dr. Smith."

"Oh, you got turned around a little on the name, that's all," replied the doctor, reaching for the note.

And it took considerable argument to convince the boy he was the right man.

**Sun Drunkenness.**

To become sun drunk is a condition into which any one may fall in the tropics. Exposure to the sun's rays will reduce a man to a condition almost exactly resembling drunkenness. He staggers about and is usually compelled to lie down and "sleep it off." Sun drunkenness is sometimes accompanied by nausea. Another curious fact in connection with life in the tropics, where the sun rises at the same time all the year round, is that if you do not get up before sunrise you do not feel well all day. You feel heavy, out of sorts and have a tendency to sickness.

**Your Shadow.**

Every one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra—a strange indefinable something which we call personal influence—which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It goes with us wherever we go. It is not something we can have when we want to have it and then lay aside at will, as we lay aside a garment. It is something that always pours out from our life, like light from a lamp, like heat from a flame, like perfume from a flower.

**Color Tones For Whistler.**

About the time James MacNeill Whistler, the artist, was causing a sensation with the painting which he called "A Harmony In Black and Red," "A Nocturne In Blue" or some such name he had a misunderstanding with his club regarding dues. The secretary finally wrote to Mr. Whistler saying that the club would be glad to receive from him "an arrangement in gold and silver."

**Handy For Speechmaking.**

"Yes," said the nervous man, "I have a habit of talking in my sleep."

And the eminent citizen who is expected to respond to an ovation in every town that the train goes through murmured:

"What a valuable accomplishment!"—Washington Star.

**Dressing the Pillow.**

A little child, not three years old, was sleepy and his mother carried him to his crib, but the pillow slip had been removed by the maid for the laundry and the child, looking up beseechingly into his mother's face, said, "Please mamma, put a shirt on my pillow."

**Presence of Mind.**

She—You're so bashful, Mr. Callow. I really believe that if you ever marry the lady will have to propose.

He—Well, but I might have—er—nerve enough to decline.—Puck.

**Hopeless Case.**

"Why don't you make hay while the sun shines and"—

"Huh! If I tried to do that it'd just be my luck to get sunstruck."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A stone weighs less in water than it does outside, but a trout always weighs most in the water.—Somerville Journal.

**Familiar Quotations of Pope's.**

Pope and Burns are respectively the authors of more familiar phrases than anybody else but Shakespeare in modern times. Here are a few of Pope's: "Shoot folly as she flies," "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," "Man never is but always to be blessed," "Whatever is, is right," "The proper study of mankind is man," "Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength," "Order is heaven's first law," "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow," "Honor and shame from no condition rise; act well your part—there all the honor lies," "An honest man's the noblest work of God," "Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend," "Every woman is at heart a rake," "Woman's at best a contradiction still," "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" "A little learning is a dangerous thing," "To err is human, to forgive divine," "Beauty draws us with a single hair," "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," "Damn with faint praise," "The many headed monster."

**Baron Howth's Rat.**

The story of the luck of the Howths is well known, and down to very recent times no member of that family would permit a rat to be put to death. It was said that about the year 1750 the twenty-sixth Baron Howth was giving a banquet to his friends when a rat rushed into the hall, followed by several dogs, and, jumping on the table, sat up before Lord Howth as if appealing for protection. He saved its life, and from that moment it never quitted him. At last he set out on a foreign tour, accompanied by his brother, who persuaded him to leave the rat behind.

Sitting in a hotel at Marseilles, the door suddenly flew open, and the rat, dripping wet, came crawling in and went straight to the fire to dry itself. Lord Howth's brother, enraged at the intrusion, seized the poker and dashed out the rat's brains. "You have murdered me!" exclaimed Lord Howth and instantly fell down and expired.—London Tit-Bits.

**A Toad In a Hole.**

If you poke about the corners of a garden you will soon understand, says the Garden, how the stories of toads imprisoned in a solid rock arise. You hardly ever find a toad in its chosen retreat without wondering how it managed to get in and how it proposes to get out again, and our ancestors enshrined this batrachian habit in the phrase "toad in a hole" as the name of a dish in which a piece of meat is baked inside a batter, with no visible means of entrance or exit. This peculiar faculty of the toad for burying himself without leaving a trace behind is due to his trick of burrowing backward, as a crab does, his strong hind legs shoveling the earth forward until he is covered.

**How Trouble Began.**

Two young mothers met for the first time on the street after their young hopefuls had begun to get their teeth, and straightway there was a volume of baby talk.

"Did your little one cut his teeth far apart?" asked the woman in white.

"I should say not," indignantly answered the woman in blue. "They came in very evenly and close together. You can look for yourself if you don't believe me."

It took a great deal more talk to square matters, and then they separated, after saying goodby only once apiece.—Detroit Free Press.

**Two Chronic Crazes.**

One of the ways to get into swell society is to butt in through the turf or the fan bark—the race track or the horse show. A certain well known man has already spent $500,000 on the fan bark without penetrating the outer cuticle of the haut monde, and when he has spent another $500,000 he will still be butting. There are two crazes which cannot be cured—the craze for society and the craze for political office.—New York Press.

**No Place For Cheap Charity.**

"Sir," began the beggar, approaching a promenader on Bongtong square, "I am in distress"—

"Here's a nickel for you," said the promenader, proffering the coin.

"Pardon me," replied the beggar scornfully, "but I cannot accept anything less than a dime on a fashionable street like this."—Philadelphia Press.

**Health and Wealth.**

The American business man of the present day spends his health to gain wealth and then immediately starts out to spend his wealth in regaining his health. But generally he finds the first feat child's play in comparison with the second.—Baltimore American.

**The Indian of It.**

Teacher—What is an Indian's wife called?

Pupil—A squaw.

Teacher—Correct. Now what is an Indian's baby called?

Pupil—A squawker.—Boston Christian Register.

**Naturally.**

"I've got a new boy at my house," said the barber proudly, as he began operation on the face before him. "That's my fourth."

"All little shavers, eh?" said the lathered customer.—Baltimore American.

**Those Boston Purists.**

Stranger—I would like to have a tooth pulled.

Dentist—A man who would like to have a tooth pulled must be a lunatic. Guess you'd better go to the nearest asylum.—Boston Transcript.

The worst feeling in the world is the homesickness that comes over one occasionally when he is at home.—Atchison Globe.

**Earliest Punctuation.**

...ne by means of stops or ...s to indicate the meaning ... and assist the reader to a proper enunciation, is ascribed originally to Aristophanes, an Alexandrian grammarian, who lived in the third century B. C. Whatever his system may have been, it was subsequently neglected and forgotten, but was reintroduced by Charlemagne, the various stops and symbols being designed by Warnefried and Alcuin.

The present system of punctuation was introduced in the latter part of the fifteenth century by Aldus Manutius, a Venetian printer, who was responsible for our period, colon, semicolon, comma, marks of interrogation and exclamation, parenthesis and dash, hyphen, apostrophe and quotation marks. These were subsequently copied by other printers until their use became universal.

Most ancient languages were innocent of any system of punctuation. We find in many early manuscripts that the letters are placed at equal distances apart, with no connecting link between, even in the matter of spacing, an arrangement which must have rendered reading at sight somewhat difficult.

**Barrie and the Editors.**

Soon after J. M. Barrie leaped into fame the editors of three London journals for which he had done a good deal of work determined to give a dinner in his honor. Mr. Barrie accepted the invitation, and in due course the three knights of the pen and scissors and their distinguished guest sat down together. The hosts, knowing their contributor only by his work, fully anticipated a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." However, the soup and fish were consumed without a word from Mr. Barrie, or, at least, with nothing beyond noncommittal grunts. Despite frantic efforts to lure him into conversation, it was not until he rose to put on his coat that he made the first and last remark that he uttered during the evening, "Well, this is the first time I've ever had dinner with three editors."

**A Perfectly Plain "Direction."**

Once upon a time Judge Carter was riding through a rural district in Virginia. He stopped at a negro's cabin to get his direction. "Uncle," said he, "can you direct me to Colonel Thompson's?"

"Yes, suh," replied the negro. "Yo' goes down this yah road 'bout two mile till yo' comes to an ol' ellum tree, and then yo' tu'ns slap to the right down a lane fo' 'bout a qua'ter of a mile. Thah yo' sees a big white house. Yo' wants to go through the yard to a gate that takes you a spell to a gate. Yo' follows that road to the lef' till yo' comes to three roads goin' into a hill, and, Jedge, I don' mattah which one of them-dah roads yo' take, yo' sure gets lost anyway."—Stewart Edward White in Outlook.

**Betrothed at Birth.**

In some parts of west Africa the girls have long engagements. On the day of their birth they are betrothed to a baby boy a little older than themselves, and at the age of twenty they are married.

The girls know of no other way of getting a husband, and so they are quite happy and satisfied. As wives they are patterns of obedience, and the marriages usually turn out a success. This way of managing the affairs of the heart would hardly suit an independent American girl, but it seems to answer on the west coast.

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A DAUGHTER'S DEVOTION.

SEAT SALE at H. C. WELLS' Drug Store.


**The Second Whip.**

Have you ever noticed, says a writer in a London journal, that some tamers carry a second whip in their left hand, which is never used? There is purpose in this. It represents to the wild beast the terrors of the unknown. He has experienced the sharp, stinging flick of the whip in the tamer's right hand, but for the life of him he cannot imagine what anguish lurks in that mysterious whip in the other hand, which is never used. Many a tamer has saved his life in a critical moment by just flitting that unknown terror above a crouching, growling, fury maddened tiger.

**A Medical Decision in 1715.**

In 1715 a cellar digger having been killed at Jena, the medical faculty of the university decided that the cause was not the direct action of the devil, but a deadly gas. Thereupon Professor Loescher of the University of Wittenberg entered a solemn protest, declaring that the decision of the medical faculty was "only a proof of the lamentable license which has so taken possession of us, and which if we are not earnestly on our guard will finally turn away from us the blessing of God."


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C. J. VANBLAD.


**In The District Court of the United States.**

**For the Western District of Pennsylvania.**

In the matter of Willett S. Palmer, Bankrupt. No. 2324 in Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of Willett S. Palmer of Smethport, in the County of McKean and District aforesaid, a Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of Sept., A. D. 1903, the said Willett S. Palmer was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the referee, Bradford, Pa., on the 21st day of Sept., A. D. 1903, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

JOSEPH M. McCLURE,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

**Notice to Debtors and Creditors.**

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration (C. T. A.) on the estate of Ella G. Carter, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Hamlin Bank & Trust Co. of Smethport, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay, to F. D. Gallup, ATTORNEY.

HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY, Administrators.

Smethport, Pa., September 1, 1903.

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